EDWARD,

OR THE

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

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CHAP. I.

In which Edward makes his first appearance in the Happy Valley. Skilful management of the Philosopher Manfred.

THERE are some men who retain, in the decline of life, all the active habits, and joyous spirit of youth. This was the case with Manfred. Manfred had seen the world, and knew how to live in it; he was a Philosopher without being the slave of any particular system, and an honest man to boot. This rare combination of qualities conferred a power on Manfred, not always pos-

sessed by sovereign princes:—his approbation was sufficient to make any thing pass current in the society in which he lived; even the ladies were content to give up their opinions, because Manfred, with all his philosophy, was a gallant man.

In addition to these qualities, Manfred was a polite, well-informed, English gentleman. He entertained his friends; he improved his estate; and when tired with more serious studies, he would sometimes amuse himself with books on metaphysics, which he praised as the most wonderful of all romances. It was from this last circumstance, that the ladies would insist upon it, that Manfred was a profound philosopher.

One evening, as he extended his walk somewhat farther than usual, his attention was forcibly attracted by a stranger, a youth of about three or four and twenty. He was sitting in a little recess, near the road, with a beautiful greyhound sporting near him. Manfred walked up close to the stranger, while the dog approached with the pretty assured air of a favourite, and lay down at his feet.

The air of deep dejection which was visible in one so young, engaged the sympathy of the Philosopher, who resolved to combat it. Observing the

stranger's eye directed to the volume which he held in his hand, "It is a book," said Manfred, turning over the leaves, "which contains many just pictures of the contrasted scenes of human life; and it says here, 'that we ought never to forget, in misfortune, the consolations that unerring nature has provided for all her children.' It is only when we think, that we are miserable; and time, in its soft and inevitable progression, is ever robbing memory of its sting." "True," replied the stranger, "and when thought and memory are no more, we may be happy; but, sir, you cannot teach me to forget; I must still remember the days when, thoughtless of danger, I pursued every fleeting pleasure, as the summer insects chase their shadows in the stream."

From the manner in which this was spoken, Manfred perceived that some recent calamity had disordered the machine; but though he was a great philosopher, he never attempted by learned arguments to prove that his dejection was unreasonable. He did not tell him that he ought to consider this life as a state of trial or preparation—that it was beneath the dignity of man to yield to misfortune-- or, because we were born to be miserable, that,

therefore, he ought to be comforted. In place of all this, he invited him to his house; "You shall be at liberty," said Manfred, "to refute my arguments when you know them better, only be my guest for this night, and when you become acquainted with my manner of life, you may perhaps acknowledge that there is one little corner of the world where happiness is still attainable." The stranger, rising up, without speaking a word, put his arm within Manfred's, and calling his dog, which followed them close in the rear, they all three walked along together. The Philosopher was charmed with his frankness—"You are the first," said he, "that has ever accepted of these invitations of mine, without a deal of nonsense that I would not stay to hear; but I suppose you have seen a great deal of the world." "I have only been three days in it," replied the stranger, "and I do not know well what to think of it." Conversing in this manner they soon got sight of the house, which was a little ornamented villa, situated near the border of a lake, which seemed surrounded by mountains on every side. The stranger stopped to survey it,—"This then," said he, "is the true El Dorado, the Happy Valley." "We do not know

it by that title," replied the other, "but if you please to call it so, we shall not quarrel about a name." They soon got to the door, and on entering were met by a boy, about six years of age, of a very grave appearance. "This is the Counsellor," said Manfred, presenting the boy to Edward, (who had given his name,)—"I make it a rule," he continued, "to consult the dispositions of my children, and to regulate their management accordingly; so you see, I have dressed the counsellor in black, and given to the captain here, a laced jacket and a weapon, which I assure you he has used more than once; but here comes my wife," he continued, introducing a lady who still possessed the remains of beauty, and who welcomed her guest with much civility. After settling some little dispute, which had arisen among the children, she dismissed them. Edward could not help praising the polite conduct of these young persons; for the brothers would not walk out before their sisters, the captain, who was the eldest, bringing up the rear in his sword and regimental jacket. The attentions which they now paid to their guest, were not of that oppressive kind, which makes one feel that he is a stranger. Manfred avoided them on purpose, and his wife,

whose spirits were evidently depressed by imperfect health, thought not of them.

This happened to be one of Manfred's nights for seeing company; and presently there arrived Miss Polly, sister to Manfred, an elderly lady, and good-natured; Mrs. Likely, whom the gentlemen usually called the beautiful Mrs. Likely; and together with them came the Rev. Mr. Smith, a very honest man, who was content to seek distinction in his province by writing little epitaphs in verse, which he had the pleasure of seeing inscribed, in fair characters, over the graves of several of his acquaintance.

They were not much surprised to find a stranger at the East Cottage. Manfred had, occasionally, enlivened their society by such kind of introductions; and they would have fallen into conversation with Edward as with one who visited their province from motives of curiosity. Mr. Smith, whose ideas were pretty firmly dovetailed into each other, made no doubt that he was either an artist or an antiquary, these being the descriptions of persons whom he most nearly resembled: Miss Polly sung to the same tune: and they gave the silent stranger many hints

to open his budget for the entertainment of the company.

Manfred, who perceived how unfortunately things had fallen out, had nothing for it but to propose cards; he insisted that his guest should cut in; and, as ill-luck would have it, Miss Polly fell to be his partner. Edward, engaged in a game which he disliked, and placed opposite to Polly, who had more points and angles in her face than there are in the map of the Hebrides, began to have his doubts about this new paradise. He played so ill, that in the fourth round he drew out Miss Polly's best card, and spoiled her hand. "This is forcing one with a vengeance," exclaimed Miss Polly as she threw down the king of trumps.—Edward looked up in Manfred's face, who stood behind his chair,—he had still one throw left for it.—"Here," said he, "is Mrs. Likely, who, I know, will be glad to play at piquette,--if you please, I will take your place at the whist table." Miss Polly could not object to this arrangement, though she was sorry to lose the handsome stranger. She justified her play to Manfred, and pointed out Edward's mistake. The laconic philosopher listened with patience, congratulated her

on the exchange of partners, but at the same time took upon himself to excuse Edward on account of some defect in his education.

It is allowed, on all hands, that piquette is the most agreeable of all games at which two persons are engaged. Edward thought it so, especially after his eye had reposed for some time undisturbed on the object before him. It was one of those faces, where the beauties are rather felt than perceived, while the matronly air, which as yet sat lightly on it, served to concentrate all its charms. Her manner was alike free from that effort and anxiety which pants for admiration, and the consciousness of defect which dreads being humbled. A peculiar propriety, the effect rather of natural discernment than of any art or polish, distinguished all her sentiments. Her appearance, her manners, her conversation, all harmonized together; and the whole produced that agreeable impression, which every one feels, but which it is so difficult to describe. Placed opposite to the beautiful Mrs. Likely, at piquette, Edward began to judge more favourably of the enjoyments of the Happy Valley. There was no effort required to keep up a conversation where neither attempted to

shine. Time passed agreeably away till their tete-a-tete was interrupted by being summoned to the supper table, where Manfred's vivacity made the bottle circulate, for he was one of those who maintained that a little wine was good. Every one, and Edward among the rest, now contributed something to the entertainment, even the common place of Mr. Smith, by agreeably contrasting with the intellectual and unfading gaiety of Manfred, served to give an additional zest to the banquet.

They talked of parties of pleasure which were to be carried into effect in a few days; and, as Manfred conducted Edward to his chamber, he protested that he should not quit till he had exhausted all the pleasures of the Happy Valley.

Those are fortunate dispositions which retain the unthinking eagerness of boyhood for the toys and rattles which are destined to form the business of our riper years. Manfred, who had taken up Edward without much reflection, now found himself as much interested for the success of his scheme as if the fortunes of his house depended upon it—he could think of nothing else. At seven o'clock in the morning, this philosopher, dressed in a frock-

coat and booted up to the middle, entered Edward's chamber with a halloo! "Up, up, sir," cried Manfied, "don't you hear the huntsman sounding his horn, that is our reveillée. I have got a horse for you, and you must make one."

There was no resisting so hearty an invitation; and in place of wasting the morning in disagreeable thoughts, Edward soon found himself in the midst of a group of as merry men as ever chased the stag with hound and horn. Manfred, mounted on an old crop-eared horse, never lost sight of his friend. He entertained him with little pieces of biography, some of which were clever. As they ascended an eminence, which commanded a view of the adjacent country, which lay as in a map before them, he pointed out the numerous structures of modern elegance, which the enterprise and wealth of new men, were continually raising up all around; among these were to be seen the turrets of the dilapidated mansion of the Wrong-head family, famous in the time of Charles the First. Manfred related their history: and traced through two hundred years the operation of that family infirmity which had gradually sunk this once powerful house into poverty and weakness.

As he concluded this account the cavalcade arrived at a cross road, where it was joined by an old fellow, who had one of his legs bandaged up and mounted on a very sorry steed. "That," said Manfred, "is mine host of the Garter, a person to whom I owe some obligations. He is one of those who preserve a certain gaiety of temper on all occasions, and on whom those accidents commonly called the evils of life, make but little impression. Any such misfortune as ill health never seems to affect him much; nor does he ever trouble himself about public matters, or the state of the nation, though he was observed to be very uneasy in his mind all the time that the excise laws were under agitation in Parliament. Being at the funeral lately of one of his bottle companions, he turned to the company who were present, and observed, with much good humour, that as his own turn would probably come next, he hoped for a full attendance of his friends on that occasion."

Conversing in this manner they arrived upon the heath, where the sportsmen separated in order to beat about for the game. The hare was soon put up, and Manfred had the satisfaction to see

his young friend join eagerly in the chase. Several runs were had in this manner, and at the conclusion of the day they found themselves ten miles from home, with their horses knocked up. "Let us dismount," said Manfred, "and walk our horses, it would be cruel, after so severe a day, to distress them further." Edward dismounted accordingly, and Manfred walked him home for ten miles, through heavy roads. He arrived tired and covered with mud, but then he had an excellent appetite; and when he had dressed and sat down to table, betwixt the philosopher Manfred and the beautiful Mrs. Likely, he enjoyed every thing with a double relish. The evening brought its amusements, and when the ladies had retired, they had their tete-a-tete, when they reasoned upon every thing. At midnight Edward retired well fatigued to his pillow, and had just power to say to himself, as sleep made its sweet and insensible approaches, "It was but yesterday that I thought life had no pleasures for me, but now I find that to follow the chase all morning, then to converse with the beautiful Mrs. Likely, and afterwards to reason with the philosopher Manfred, are not so bad neither."

CHAP. II.

Effects of Edward's appearance at the East Cottage. He becomes a convert to the doctrines of Manfred, and joins in all the pleasures of the Happy Valley.

While Manfred thus exerted all his art to alleviate the dejection of his guest, nothing was talked of in the Happy Valley but the handsome stranger who resided at the East Cottage. It was decided from his very first appearance there that he was certainly a gentleman. Manfred was pestered with questions as to who the stranger was; and he protested that he knew nothing of the matter. He was obliged to repeat, over and over again, all the circumstances of their first meeting. The ladies, whose curiosity was chiefly excited on this occasion, blamed Manfred for introducing a person to his family of whom he knew nothing; and advised him by all means to get his history out of

him as fast as possible. Manfred received this advice like a wise man—he thanked his fair advisers for the interests which they took in the welfare of his family, paid them many compliments on the goodness of their hearts, and did not absolutely refuse to do as he was bid. But, in reality, he thought no more of the matter: he was chiefly anxious that Edward should prolong his stay: he liked his guest the more he saw of him; and in place of impertinent inquiries into his history, which in fact he had no right to make, he sought to delay his departure, by engaging him in a continual round of action, amusement, and reasoning. Such an excellent system could not altogether fail of success. His temper began insensibly to resume its tranquillity, and to reflect truly the images of Nature which passion had distorted. The ladies were the first to perceive this favourable change; and, as Edward displayed new accomplishments, they were naturally the more anxious to know who he was. They often asked Manfred whether he had found out the stranger's history? The philosopher answered no—that he was quite impenetrable. This increased their curiosity; and as they had not matter of fact to

go upon, they had recourse to conjecture. But even conjecture requires some foundation. They first tried their skill upon his name—Beauvaise—they had never heard of such a name:—it was in vain that every effort was made by this means to trace him—they were obliged to give it up. Manfred suggested that he might possibly come from Ireland or Scotland; but the ladies proved to him, by the most admirable reasoning, that so agreeable a youth must be an Englishman.

It cannot be supposed that Edward could reside, as he now did, familiarly among them, without affording grounds for various opinions respecting him, especially to persons who were upon the watch. Every day some new trait gave rise to a world of reasoning; and it was really wonderful what fine distinctions were made and conclusions drawn. It was observed that he was never put out of countenance by whatever interrogatories were put to him; and that he could turn them off, sometimes to the amusement, and sometimes to the confusion of the questioner. There was an air of boldness and originality about him which was very agreeable to the ladies. His conceptions never seemed oppressed by the ideas

of others; nor his manners rendered insipid by a too great attention to the forms of life. It was therefore clear, they said, that he must have frequented the best company. The graceful freedom of his manner, and his expression, which was at once delicate and precise, seemed to confirm this opinion. But then Manfred maintained, that what they so much admired in him as the effect of fashion, was in reàlity his natural manner—that this was his first appearance, and that he had only been three days in the world.

Still there was something about him which all their ingenuity could not explain. They observed that he would sometimes take more pleasure in the reasoning of Manfred than in the conversation of the ladies. This was unexplicable. They were astonished that so young a man should possess so little of the amiable enthusiasm of youth. What could give to a youth of four and twenty, they asked, this careless, sedate, and penetrating air: not experience, surely—no, nor study; and a sudden misfortune might depress, but could hardly subdue his mind to this tone. There must be something, they were sure, very particular in his private history.

One evening a little gold case, richly ornamented, fell from his pocket on the carpet, and being forced open by the fall, Mrs. Likely could see the portrait of a lady and gentleman, surmounted by a little coronet of beautiful pearl. This gave rise to fresh conjectures. A coronet! was he nobly born then?—They discussed this matter for three hours, and agreed at last that he was either a Lord, or the son or nephew of a Lord. But then the name was not to be found in the Court Calendar—it must be a false name, then.—"I have suspected all along," said Miss Polly, "that Beauvaise was not his real name—who ever heard of such a name?—It did not sound like a true name!" Miss Polly's explanation was universally adopted; and they now discovered many circumstances in his manners which indicated even exalted rank.

Manfred admired the ingenuity of these reasonings; and though he was a great philosopher, he could not help feeling more interested for a guest who was thought to be a Lord.

But then they asked, what could induce a person of his rank to assume such a disguise? It was agreed, that nothing but a disappointment in

love could do this. He was probably, they said, some younger brother badly provided for, compelled, for the sake of some dunce of an heir, to abandon his dearest hopes. They all pitied him. Miss Polly pitied him too; but at the same time she could not help wondering that so handsome a youth should not have been successful in his amours.

When they had agreed that their guest was a young Lord in disguise, who had been crossed in love, they all exerted themselves to alleviate his melancholy. His title, whether real or imaginary, was of great use to Edward on this occasion:—it is certain that no commoner could have produced so lively an interest. Without more ado they took the whole affair out of Manfred's hands, in which it had hitherto remained. Every one endeavoured to entertain him after their own fashion. Mr. Smith discoursed on matters of taste, read his epitaphs, and shewed him his verses engraved on marble. Miss Polly thought this course of reading would make the poor young man melancholy; and as she had a very pretty turn for ridicule, she entertained him with the private history of certain families in the neighbourhood. And when the course of her narra-

tive led her to discourse of love-affairs, she would often wonder that a man of sense should care any thing about a young flirt who had jilted him.

The beautiful Mrs. Likely smiled at the simplicity of these two worthies, and knew very well that a man of rank would care very little about such matters. In the absence of her husband she now lived almost constantly at the East Cottage, and was usually accompanied by her niece, a pretty retired girl of seventeen. She would often try to give Edward a taste for her favourite romances, which she thought must be an excellent thing for a young Lord crossed in love. "I might, perhaps," said Edward, "take a pleasure in these, were not the realities here more agreeable than the fictions." Emily blushed :—this was the first gallant speech that Edward had ever made, and she was sure that it was intended for her. As for Mrs. Likely, whatever she might think, it was difficult for her to remove this objection of her guest, especially as Manfred averred that he was right, and protested that he would not exchange, if he could, the enjoyments of real life for the imaginary ones of romance. "Besides," said Edward, "these books are entirely founded in error, and

bear no resemblance to any part of the world which I have yet seen: for I will maintain, Manfred, that a man may fall in love—that he may get involved in difficulties and distresses without number—that he may overcome these, and possess at last the object of all his wishes, with a good estate to boot, and yet not be happy."—"It is certainly possible," said Manfred.—"I know that it may be so," said Edward. Mrs. Likely believed it on such good authority; and Emily trembled to think that it might be so: but as for Miss Polly, she could not conceive how the thing was possible.

Thus every one lent their aid to this benevolent undertaking. The lover of Emily, a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, was the only one who counted the days of Edward's stay, and wondered that a total stranger should all at once attract so much attention.

Edward, who had no objections to be happy, became a passive instrument in their hands. The presence of the noble stranger made it carnival time in the Happy Valley. The ladies were ready to give up their usual occupations in order to perform the duties of hospitality to an unhappy

nobleman. Mr. Smith praised this disposition, and remarked, that Providence seemed to have thrown him in their way for the exercise of their virtues. This was placing the matter in a new light—the idea was approved of by every one: and as it was now settled that Providence was at the bottom of the whole affair, Emily thought that a little innocent flirtation on her part was allowable. The stranger seemed a mere novice in matters of gallantry; and nothing could be more agreeable than to initiate him:—a new passion was all that was wanting to complete his cure:—and thus the agreeable attentions of a lovely girl were added to the other pleasures of this delightful retreat.

In the course of this noviciate he was subjected to no disagreeable penance: and Manfred, who was the high priest in the ceremony, watched every change in his sentiments, and waited impatiently for the hour of his regeneration. Grace at length prevailed; Edward became a convert to the doctrines of Manfred, and joined in all the pleasures of the Happy Valley. Every one congratulated himself on this fine conversion, as if the salvation of his soul had depended upon it. As

for Manfred, he superintended the whole system, and took care that no part should draw too much: action and repose, the pleasures of society and speculation, all took their turns. He brought out his treasures one after the other, and combined them with so much skill, that they had always the appearance of novelty: and as the eastern princess postponed her punishment from day to day, by some new invention, so did Manfred delay the departure of his guest, by the hope of some new pleasure. Their mornings were usually spent in active occupation out of doors; for Manfred was busily employed in improving his estate: this preserved their relish for the more refined enjoyments of society.

It was natural to suppose that a young Lord, disappointed in a tender passion, would be fond of music, poetry, and moonlight bowers. There was a bower which opened its beauties to the lake, and here they usually removed in the moonlight evenings with their music. This favorite spot was adorned with statues and casts from the antique; and airy pillars, festooned with flowers and shrubs:—and the full volume of light was agreeably broken as it fell amid such a multipli-

city of objects, as the stream is broken amid sands and pebbles. Here they sat listening to the divine strains of the music, which rose above the whole scene and hallowed it—mingling with the hoarser murmurs of the stream which rolled its crystal lava at their feet. Every selfish passion was now tranquillized in that sublime sentiment which is caused by the stillness of reposing nature, of which the plaintive sounds of a pastoral district did seem but as the echo. Every one felt the influence of the scene, and talked and reasoned in a finer strain. The philosophy of Manfred assumed higher tone; even Mr. Smith's ideas seemed ready to break their accustomed chains: and the harsh outline of Polly's countenance was softened into amenity. The conversation of Mrs. Likely acquired fresh graces from that sober melancholy which this scene, in her never failed to inspire. These all mingled together; and when there came a pause, Emily took up the harp, and all unasked, sung to Edward his favorite air;—as the last dying fall faded from her lips, their guest forgot his sorrows, and could not help exclaiming, this, indeed, is the true El Dorado, the Happy Valley!

CHAP. III.

How a very simple discovery changed every thing in the Happy Valley. Edward sets out, by the advice of Manfred, to see the world and to gain experience.

BUT in the midst of this fresh spring of enjoyment, Edward's mind and habits were unfortified by any serious occupation. Unfortunately for him he had nothing to do but to be happy. He had no interest in the scene beyond its enjoyments, and should these fail, there was nothing left to hope for. Like most new converts too, he seemed inclined to run into extremes; and custom and satiety began somewhat to deaden the relish of his enjoyments. The ladies tried every art to remove these, the first symptoms of his ennui, and to confirm their new convert in his faith. Not content with removing the evils of to-day, they even extended their views and began to plan something,

which might possibly make him happy for life. But their ignorance of his domestic circumstances formed a great obstacle to this scheme.

Manfred saw deeper into the affair, and as he knew that there must quickly be an end of all pleasure not founded on serious occupation; he would often enforce this great truth with all his powers of argument. One evening, when they were discussing this subject, "Why will you not enter," said Manfred, "into the business of life, and push your fortune in the world; depend upon it, after all romance is at an end, that a man may be more foolishly employed than in making his fortune." "But unluckily for me," replied Edward, "I am above that remedy, for I am already rich beyond my utmost wishes." "I am sorry for it with all my heart," said Manfred, who perceived what an obstacle this would be to all his schemes. "Well then," said Miss Polly, "since you have the misfortune to have a good estate, Mr. Beauvaise, why do you not settle in life?" "Indeed, sir," said Mrs. Likely, "you ought to marry." "Alas! madam," replied Edward, after a pause, and in some confusion,—"I am already married!"—"Married!!!"—exclaimed Mrs.

Likely thrown off her guard, " how absurd! these early marriages are the most imprudent things."— " Married!!!" exclaimed Miss Polly, in a whisper to Emily, " it is all a fudge; he is no more married than my cat!" " He does not look like a married man, indeed," replied Emily; and, as she said this, she heaved one of the most profound sighs that was ever breathed in the Happy Valley.

The stranger then, after all, was not a young Lord crossed in love, but a married man, separated from his wife. Manfred, though a profound philosopher, was surprised; but, from Edward's manner, he could not doubt the fact. It altered all his views, and threw fresh difficulties in his way. Love, and the desire of fortune, two of the most powerful passions in our nature, already gratified, and having, apparently, produced nothing but satiety and disgust! What could be done under such circumstances? What new passion could be now appealed to? It may be doubted if ever a philosopher was more puzzled; it kept him awake for three good hours, at least. It kept others awake too, though for reasons somewhat less philosophical: Miss Polly debated with herself all night whether she should believe in

his marriage. "Married!!" exclaimed Emily, as she removed the last flower from her hair, and was about to say her prayers—in place of Amen, she exclaimed "Married!!" The lover of Emily was the only one not affected; he slept sound all night, and next day was very civil to Edward.

It was late in the evening when this interesting discovery was made: next morning they all met, eager to communicate their thoughts to each other. They agreed how surprising it was that they should never have suspected the truth. They had set it down that a disappointment in love was the cause of his eccentricities; but now it appeared that the contrary was the fact.—Miss Polly, especially, thought it very strange that marriage, which ought to have completed his happiness, should have sent him forth a wanderer on the world; and she felt much inclined to maintain her first opinion, that his marriage was all a fiction, but no one joined with her.

It is certain that nothing so much alters a man's relations in society as his marriage. However difficult it may be to account for this, the fact, as

I take it, is indisputable. Edward married, and in possession of a good estate, was no longer the same person; he was an object of much less interest than a young nobleman crossed in love. Their first conjectures respecting his birth and history were now altogether given up. Manfred suggested that though he was a married man, and separated from his wife, that he might still be a Lord, as peers are not privileged in the affair of matrimonial felicity. But it is in vain to reason against feelings; nothing could now restore that charming romance which the confession of his marriage had dissipated; and it was thought allowable to discontinue some of those arts, which were intended to alleviate the miseries of a disappointed lover. Emily became cold and distant; their music parties in the garden were silently given up; and even Mr. Smith began to have his doubts whether Edward's own misconduct might not have as much to do in the affair as the dispensations of Providence.

They were now occupied in discussing the probable cause of this separation, and whether there was a divorce or separate maintenance. Miss Polly, who thought that most women would be content

with such a husband, gave it, as her opinion, that the fault was entirely on Edward's side, and that there was something very bad at the bottom of his mystery. Mrs. Likely objected warmly to this uncharitable conclusion, and maintained that the understanding and many fine qualities of Edward, must be held to exonerate him from such suspicions. Manfred agreed with her, and seemed inclined to throw much blame on the lady; but Mrs. Likely objected to this also, nor could she agree that any woman could be false to such a husband. "Then," said Mr. Smith, "there must be faults on both sides."

These discussions, which were constantly kept up, ended in something,—a young man so accomplished, made unhappy by marriage, became, gradually, an object of as much interest as a young nobleman crossed in love. Miss Polly was chiefly anxious to know all about his wife. She would have it, that some young flirt had taken him in; and as she saw no reason for much ceremony with a married man, she did not conceal her suspicions. Edward was malicious enough to praise his wife as a pattern of excellence; and her portrait, which, by a little stratagem they contrived

to see, proved that she was young and handsome, What then, she asked, could be the cause of their separation? Had not Manfred restrained her, Miss Polly would have gone the short way to work: "We have a right to know," she argued; "and, were I mistress of this house, he should tell or quit." She had been kept awake all night, so there was an excuse for her petulance. Edward soon experienced the effects of this spirit, and it did not add to the pleasures of the Happy Valley.

With Mrs. Likely things took a different turn; she was equally curious with Miss Polly, but the passion in her, acting on more refined sensibilities, produced a different effect. She appreciated more justly the character of their guest, and admiration and pity were superadded to her other sentiments regarding him. The man who was the object of so many passions, was young, handsome, eloquent; her very ignorance of his connexions, his country, and every thing allied to him, but fixed her interest the more intensely. The mind rested upon him alone: all beyond him was conjecture. He was young and amiable: married, by his own account, to a beautiful and virtuous woman, and yet

unhappy: and it was only from these facts that she could shadow forth the history of a man too interesting to be beheld with indifference. Her imagination wearied itself by continual and fruitless efforts to reconcile such discordant facts, and to complete the picture to her satisfaction. She became thoughtful and perplexed: and her agreeable conversation, which was the chief pleasure of the Happy Valley, was lost to Edward.

Another circumstance occurred which did not contribute to the harmony of the scene. The conduct of Manfred in this whole affair gave rise to an idea that Edward had intrusted him with his secret; and as reports seldom lose any thing in their progress, it was next hinted that their first meeting was not accidental: in fact, that the whole was preconcerted. The philosopher denied this very stoutly; but as he had recourse neither to oaths nor protestations, he was not believed: this added to the other perplexities which now began to thicken round him. It was in vain that he endeavoured to give their sentiments a new turn. Curiosity, the most restless of all passions in female breasts, made terrible work among them: their favorite amusements

were now given up, or pursued without relish ; and their former gaiety and good humour gave place to anxiety and melancholy. Thus the progress of passions, which a mere trifle called forth, changed every thing as effectually as the plague or an earthquake.

Manfred, who watched like a guardian angel over the Happy Valley, stood perplexed and amazed while he saw the whole scene changing round him ; the thoughtfulness of Mrs. Likely in an especial manner disturbed him. Could he have foreseen that a simple act of hospitality to a stranger would have been followed by such consequences, and without any one being greatly to blame. The obvious mode of remedying all these evils was the departure of his guest ; and Edward himself removed all difficulty, by proposing to quit. " Every thing," he observed, " goes wrong now :—Miss Polly, always good-natured before, now shews a sour countenance, which does not at all improve her physiognomy ; Mrs. Likely is thoughtful and disturbed, and no longer inclined to conversation ; and in short, there is nothing left but your philosophy, my friend, which I acknowledge to be admirable :—but you

know that variety is necessary :—all which proves that the most admirable system in the world is not safe from accident." This speech was not altogether agreeable to Manfred; nor could he, though a profound philosopher, bear that Edward should quit in disgust a spot to which he had himself first attached the flattering epithet of Happy. "I grant," said Manfred, "that your remark is just—the most perfect systems are not exempt from accidents; but it is from our failures that the most useful lessons are to be learned. I have not witnessed these changes with indifference, nor without understanding their cause :—but your departure is not necessary—I can restore every thing without it. Follow me—"

He now conducted Edward with much solemnity to a remote part of the house, and unlocking a door, displayed a room fitted up with all manner of apparatus used in the experimental sciences. Here seated in the midst of new and curious objects, he unfolded to Edward the new occupations which would engage their attention; and endeavoured to awaken his curiosity by exhibiting some of those beautiful experiments by which this science opens up to us the secrets of

nature. In compliment to the philosopher, Edward appeared to enter into this new scheme with alacrity, though he could not see how all this apparatus of tubes, retorts, and crucibles, was to cure his friends of their impertinence, and restore the lost pleasures of this new El Dorado. He resolved, however, to persevere; but his temper, undisciplined and impatient, hurried too much the operations entrusted to him:—and one evening, when part of the apparatus was blown about his ears, he protested that he had no talent for the experimental sciences.—"It is of no consequence," said Manfred, laying aside his instrument, "whether you have or no: but it is of infinite consequence that you acquire habits of occupation, which may regulate your temper, and give it some degree of steadiness in its pursuits and enjoyments. It is this power, which by means of habit we possess over ourselves, that is the grand secret; and indeed, there is nothing more required to change the whole face of nature, and to bring happiness out of misery. It is this plan which I have followed in regard to these two boys of mine; and you already begin to see the effects of established principles:—these will increase as

they grow up: and depend upon it, the Counsellor will no more act contrary to his peaceful habits, than the Captain will to his military ones." Edward listened to this argument with great attention, for he had himself often admired the characteristic conduct of the two boys; and he felt very much inclined to begin over again, under so able a master, the work of education, which had in this case produced such favourable results. It is difficult to say where this might have ended, had not another explosion occurred of a very different kind from the former one, and which was followed by more surprising effects:—for just as Manfred had convinced Edward of the excellency of his plan, and they had resumed their experiments, a great uproar was heard in the kitchen below, and on enquiring into the cause of it, they were informed that the two boys had quarrelled, and that the Counsellor, notwithstanding the peaceable tenor of his sentiments and ideas, had broken the Captain's weapon, and given him a bloody nose.

Nothing could be more unfortunate than this ridiculous incident. Its influence on such a temper as Edward's was striking; a temper wayward, unschooled, and influenced by little causes. Every

thing now appeared in a ludicrous light—the most admirable reasonings lost all power over him. He always said to himself—Could these fine arguments be brought to the test of experience, they might prove equally fallacious: for certainly if his former reasonings had been just, the Counsellor never could have given the Captain a bloody nose. The association of ideas, the chain of causes and effects, and the influence of habit, must have prevented that sad catastrophe. In this manner he went on reasoning on all occasions, till at last the conversation of Manfred lost half of its attractions. It was in vain that the philosopher attempted to regain the ground which he had lost. The spell was broken; and in such a temper as Edward's it could not be restored. The old reflection perpetually recurred—All this would have been very fine, had not the Counsellor given the Captain a bloody nose.

Edward now repeated his entreaties to be allowed to depart, and Manfred no longer opposed it: it was agreed that in two days he should set out. But whither did he intend to direct his steps? Manfred, with great caution, ventured to express a hope that he would return home: but Edward

said that it was impossible. This acknowledgment, and the manner in which it was made, threw Manfred into a profound reverie, which lasted till the evening before the intended departure of his guest. On that evening, when the ladies had retired, Manfred drew his chair near the fire, called for a fresh bottle, and filled Edward a bumper.—" Since you are resolved to leave us," said Manfred, " I acquiesce; though I am sorry that you are obliged to go, ere you are perfect in your lesson. It is still in my power however to render you an important service: but to do this effectually, I must take great liberties. Will you permit me to hold up to you a faithful picture of yourself?" Edward signified his assent; and Manfred leaning over towards his guest, went on in this manner:—" Your education in retirement, and your disposition somewhat capricious, combined with your early disappointment, have given to your temper and understanding a certain false bias which requires to be corrected. I am now convinced that in a character like yours nothing but actual experience in the world can do this. I would gladly indeed have given you all

the advantages of my experience, and made you a proficient in the art of life, without partaking of its dangers:—but there is no short cut to wisdom, which can only be acquired in the rough intercourse of the world. What in the name of heaven do you propose to yourself by your present plan? do you intend always to clothe yourself in mystery, and stalk through the world without partaking of its confidence? There have been times no doubt, in which such a whim would have had its admirers; but it will never do in the year of the Lord 1794. Look round, and you will see all the world engaged in the business of life, and fulfilling, as becomes them, its various duties. The demands of the public service, and the cultivation of all the arts, have given to society a new and fortunate impulse. There are no young men now-a-days whose education is not directed to active pursuits. The retired and awkward student who pursued study only for its pleasures, or the dissipated idler of a younger brother, who, a hundred years ago, was common in every family, is a species of animal which is now extinct, and which, like the wolf, has disappeared in the pro-

gress of our civilization. Take my advice—go forth into the world: where you will assuredly find something to interest you. Observe every thing: and when you have ascertained the enjoyments and sufferings of different classes of men, you may learn to be more contented with your own lot; and wider views of what is done and endured on the great stage of the world may teach you to appreciate duly the comforts of home: and to set a proper value on the imperfect enjoyments of life."

Having spoken to this effect, Manfred unfolded the plan which he had devised in his behalf, which was, to give him letters of introduction to Mr. Faulkland, a gentleman of the first political influence in London. This person had been Manfred's school-fellow; and from an incident which had occurred in their younger days, he was assured that the utmost attention would be paid to his recommendation.

The persevering kindness of Manfred could not fail to make a deep impression on Edward; and, after making every acknowledgment for the many instances of his friendship, which he said he never should forget, he agreed to avail himself of this further proof of it. He had intended in fact to

go to London on quitting the East Cottage: and nothing could be more agreeable than this introduction.

Next day every thing was in readiness for his departure. So uncomfortable had this little society become of late, that every one rejoiced at first at the prospect of his quitting the Happy Valley—an event which but a week before they would above all things have regretted. But when the hour of parting came, their sentiments altered. They bade him adieu with many expressions of affection, and made him pledge his word that he would return again. Edward gave the promise which was required, for at this moment he could refuse nothing; and his favorite dog Echo was left behind as a pledge for the performance of it.

Manfred accompanied Edward several miles on his journey: his conversation naturally turned on the new scene to which his young friend would quickly be introduced. He described the character of Mr. Faulkland, the society in which he moved, and the rules which ought to guide him in forming his judgments. " This expedition," said Manfred, " from which I hope so much, will be of little use to you, unless you store up, with a miser's care,

the varied fruits of your experience; and in order to do this effectually, you must penetrate beyond the surface, and in your intercourse with the great and proud, learn to strip them bare of all those gay disguises in which they figure away in the pantomime of life."

Edward listened with a profound and respectful attention to these opinions, and promised to observe his directions in every thing. Manfred rose the highest in his esteem at the moment they were about to part, perhaps for ever. After embracing for the last time, Manfred addressed him thus: "Go then, my friend, view life under all its aspects, and when your curiosity is satisfied, and when experience shall have calmed your passions, return again to the Happy Valley. We will then discuss together all that you have seen and felt, and perhaps your experience may afford some new principles, and enable us to make some additions to our chart."

CHAP. IV.

A new scene is opened up to Edward—he becomes the fashion. Difficulty of applying the maxims of the philosopher Manfred; he learns one fact however from experience.

DEPRIVED one by one of the pleasures of the Happy Valley, Edward had come forth, by the advice of Manfred, to gain experience, and to appreciate the enjoyments of the world. His education in retirement, his early marriage, and the strange circumstance which had compelled him to quit his home; all these had made Edward such as we have hitherto seen him. With him the first enthusiasm of youth had been suddenly subdued, not extinguished, and the dying embers had been again revived by the skilful management of a great philosopher, who had opened up new and interesting objects to his pursuit.

When left to himself, Edward's first resource

was in rapid motion, and he entered London on the third day after he had parted from Manfred. When he had reposed himself from the fatigues of his journey, his first care was to find out Mr. Faulkland's house, where he left his letter with an intimation that he should call again next day.

He found Mr. Faulkland such as Manfred had described him, only that the lapse of twenty years had somewhat abated his fire. The vicissitudes of life had done for him, what philosophy had done for Manfred: they had tranquillized his passions, but they had also left behind them an impression of melancholy. His understanding, it was easy to perceive, was fine and penetrating; but with a nice perception of the weaknesses of human nature, his conversation was yet altogether free from that personality which is allied to sarcasm. —There was great elevation and great delicacy perceptible in all his sentiments;—his genius seemed to exhibit at once the opposite qualities of strength and refinement. But in the midst of all these great qualities Edward looked in vain for that fine play of the imagination which gave to the conversation of Manfred so peculiar a colouring.

He gave Edward a very kind reception and made many enquiries respecting his old friend,— "And is he really the happy man you describe?" Edward assured him that he was. "It is now," said Mr. Faulkland, "above twenty years since we parted, he to form a scheme of life in retirement, and I to engage in the pursuits of ambition. His choice has perhaps been the wiser of the two, though indeed he must have succeeded in whatever course he pursued, as Manfred was the favourite both of nature and fortune."

When their first conversation had concluded, Mr. Faulkland insisted that Edward should occupy a room in his house. Manfred's letter had detailed the purpose of his expedition, and the character and situation of Edward interested a person, who in the midst of refined enjoyments preserved great simplicity in all his tastes. "While you remain here," said he, "you will have an opportunity of seeing a great variety of persons, and in their society you must make one, that is to say, you must play your part with a certain guarded freedom. Consult your own character, and within the limits prescribed by good breeding, allow your disposition its full play. It is by imitation that all merit is lost,

and for my own part I would rather see some peculiarities, and even offensive ones, joined to a decided character, than a faultless uniformity, where there is nothing either to censure or admire."

Thus was Edward transplanted, all at once, into a scene altogether new. After one or two introductions, Mr. Faulkland left him to make his own way, and to apply at his leisure the maxims of the philosopher Manfred. He had no difficulty in keeping himself disengaged. It was his very first remark, that he was not of the same importance here as in the Happy Valley. He had no reason to complain of that interest and curiosity which had there disturbed his tranquillity. If the gay troops of visitors made any enquiries about him at all, it was only some flying question as to his family or estate, and as nobody seemed to know any thing about the matter they passed on to some object of greater interest. This conduct was not very flattering, and might perhaps have disgusted him, had not an accident brought him into notice all of a sudden. On one occasion, where a large party was assembled, his ignorance of the forms of fashionable propriety afforded much amusement to certain persons, who assured him that it

was the only way in which he could make himself important. Among others there was the Lady Moubray, who laughed immoderately at Edward's mistake, "And pray where have you lived all your life?" Edward on this hint described the Happy Valley and the philosopher Manfred, and by giving a little air of romance to his narrative, they thought he was talking of some fairy land. "And there are really such worthies, my good friend?" said Lady Moubray. Edward assured her that he had lived among them. "I think I know geography," cried Lady Caroline, "and I am sure that there is no such place." Edward maintained that there was; upon which they called for a map of the United Kingdoms, and as there was no table disengaged they spread it upon the carpet, and formed a circle round it. "Where was it?" they demanded, speaking one after the other with infinite rapidity, "Was it in England?—in Scotland?—in the Isle of Man, or Berwick-upon-Tweed?" They all agreed that it could not be in Ireland. Edward, when he could make himself heard, said that he would describe it more minutely and leave it to them to find out its position. "I hate long descriptions," exclaimed Lady Caroline, rolling up the map im-

patiently, "I dare say that there is abundance of wood and water in the Happy Valley." In compliance with the refined taste of his audience, which was impatient of topographical descriptions, Edward changed the subject, and described the beautiful Mrs. Likely. They all pretended to admire the portrait prodigiously. "And how does this amiable creature," they asked, "get rid of her time?" He detailed the particulars of her familiar day, at which they laughed heartily—"No *Reviews*,— "No Brilliant Poems,—No—none of these trifles in the Happy Valley," exclaimed Lady Caroline, "they have more agreeable modes of spending their time, and quite neglect the alphabet."

An airy and fashionable Lord who had joined the circle, now observed that Devonshire was certainly the place, and even threw out hints that he was acquainted with Mrs. Likely, and that she was related to his family. "Then you know the philosopher Manfred?" said Edward, turning short upon him,—but after hearing him described, his Lordship was obliged to acknowledge that he had never met with such a person. There were others in this gay circle ready enough to imitate

the agreeable raillery of his Lordship, but the same question put them all to silence. No one could recollect a person who resembled Manfred ; but when Edward described Miss Polly, they all with one shout declared that they knew her very well ; and half a dozen surnames were immediately added, every one of which, notwithstanding Edward's protestations to the contrary, they maintained to be the right one.

Edward and the Happy Valley afforded them amusement for above an hour, which was a great thing. They plied their light artillery against him without intermission, and he who was but little used to this kind of badinage, had the mortification to see his own weapons turned successfully against him. Mr. Faulkland perceived his embarrassment, and drawing him to another part of the room rallied him on the cause of it. "Do you think," said he, "that they could with patience hear you describe a mode of life more happy or respectable than their own. Incapable of that silent and retired dignity, which sustains itself without the aid of fashion, these triflers would revenge themselves by turning it into ridicule. But enough of them, — I will

now introduce you to a person whose friendship will be more agreeable as well as more useful to you.—He is one of those men of letters about the town, who mingle with the world without taking any part in its business, and who influence society only by their opinions. While Mr. Faulkland gave Edward this account he dragged him through crouds of visitors to a retired corner, where they found Mr. Lackland surrounded by a knot of companions, who from their exuberant gaiety seemed to have dined to their satisfaction. Mr. Faulkland, whose presence seemed to check their vivacity, had just time to introduce Edward to the party when he was called away. Then it was that they gave a loose to their satirical vein, nor did they spare any of the figures which passed in review before them. Mr. Lackland, leaning back in his chair, said that he considered the whole as an exhibition got up for his entertainment; where by the ingenuity of the artists the figures were placed in every variety of dress and attitude, and made to stare about in a surprising manner. "I could wish then," said Edward, "that you would oblige us with a description of some of the principal figures—a catalogue raisonnée from your hand

would be amusing." Lackland smiled at this hint, though he did not seem inclined to carry the allusion so far. From what he did say however he convinced Edward that such an office could not have been placed in better hands, as he contrived ere they parted to draw some portraits from him.—"There," said he, pointing to a man with very prominent features, "is a good head after the manner of Chartres, and very nearly equal to the original."—"And who is that fat gentleman dressed in black, who has just now entered the room?" "He," said Lackland, "is a famous physician, who in a protestant country is fond of administering the extreme unction to his patients." "And, egad," retorted another, "I believe it to be the right catholic practice, for to my certain knowledge they generally die after the application."

In this manner did they indulge in an unbounded spirit of ridicule. It might have been called the scandalous club. Edward was astonished at a freedom of censure which he fancied must be destructive of all comfort, if not of society itself. Yet he could not help being pleased with the new views of manners which these hasty sketches opened up to him.

When Mr. Faulkland returned to his place after introducing Edward, he was attacked by all the bright circle, who were yet busy laughing at Miss Polly and the Philosopher Manfred. They blamed Mr. Faulkland for taking away Edward before they had quite done with him, and insisted on knowing who this Mr. Beauvaise was, as Lady Caroline would have it that he was certainly somebody. Mr. Faulkland agreed in the justice of this last remark, but observed that he was unacquainted with his private history, farther than that he was a young man very particularly recommended to him, and that he possessed a good estate. A good estate !! that altered the case very considerably. Lady Moubray now remarked that there was meaning in his simplicity, and that she had no doubt they would be able to make something of him. Her Ladyship was the mother of Lord Viscount Moubray, a distinguished supporter of the party to which Mr. Faulkland was attached. She belonged to a class of women very common in this great city, one of those who possess a good jointure, keep their chariot and pair, and can shew a long list of very good friends. They are very constant in their attendance in the park, where you

may see them driving soberly round the ring with a lusty footman stuck behind their chariot. Being arrived at that time of life, when the passions if not less violent are at least less capricious; and having disposed of their children, their chief occupation consists in scrupulously keeping up the number of their friends, by regular visits—together with the luxuries of a well furnished table, cards, and scandal—and in the enjoyment of these they are extremely regular and constant. But Lady Moubray had other qualities which distinguished her in a favorable manner from the class to which she belonged.

The close intimacy which subsisted between the families gave her the necessary facilities, and it would oblige Mr. Faulkland to notice his protegée: she insisted on introducing Edward into every society whether he would or no. They soon discovered that he was no common man. His appearance was striking and he danced to admiration.—They next discovered that he had wit; this led them naturally enough to examine the shape of his head, and a celebrated connoisseur pronounced that it was formed *con amore.* In short, he became the fashion for above a month. A certain

circle was thrown into a kind of flutter on his appearance, which was extremely flattering.—It was very difficult for a young man to resist this kind of fascination; and Edward found himself insensibly engaged in a scene where sense and vanity, the ridiculous and the admirable, were all mingled together; and the rapidity with which the whole shifted before him set all reflection at defiance.—It was in vain that he attempted to judge them by the maxims of Manfred, the airy forms and colours changed before he could apply the rule of the philosopher. But the progression was too rapid—he felt it to be so—his mind was irritated yet unsatisfied; and when he lay down at night all that he knew with certainty was that his head ached.

Yet, in spite of these disadvantages, he could not help being pleased. How could he be otherwise than delighted with a scene where his entré was remarked with pleasure. The brilliancy of the whole, and its very rapidity, suited well with a temper which had little pleasure in dwelling on its own thoughts. There were not wanting persons who pointed to the prospects, which the patronage of Mr. Faulkland, in case of a certain

event, might open up to his ambition, and the Lady Moubray began to hint how far his views might be forwarded by a prudent alliance. Her Ladyship was a great match-maker, but before she proceeded further she was anxious to know the exact amount of his estate, and whether it was in possession or *only in* expectation; because in forming her matrimonial alliances, she always preferred treating on the basis of actual possession, or what politicians term the *uti possidetis.*—All this was perplexing enough, and in short things soon came to that pass, that Edward found it prudent to divulge the circumstance of his marriage. His knowledge of the spirit of society here, made him dread an open avowal, so he caused the matter to be privately whispered. The report spread like lightning: by some it was received with real, by others with affected contempt. It was not followed by the same consequences here as in the Happy Valley. As to his separation from his wife, &c. these were things quite common, and it would have been accounted a sign of great ignorance to have asked two questions about the matter, especially as they reckoned upon seeing it all in the newspapers. Every one had their own

thoughts upon it, and what is surprising no one hàd any difficulty in explaining that which had so much puzzled the simple inmates of the East Cottage.

When Edward first met the gay circle after the avowal of his marriage, he could perceive that a great change had taken place—there was no flutter or signs of impatience—but to appear hurt would not do—and so they were what is called extremely civil. Some of the whispers however were loud enough to be heard. One wondered how a person with a hook nose and a little blue eye should ever be called handsome. "For my part," said another, "I pity him, such accidents can't be helped sometimes." "They will happen," said a third, "in the best regulated families." "Ah! Mr. Beauvaise," said Lady Caroline, "you are a sly one—and so the bon mot which we all applauded so much the other night, was not your's after all—young Temple told me this morning that he has seen it in Greek." "Young Temple does not understand Greek." "Well then it was Spanish or Latin—no matter which, it is of no consequence—there are many elegant men who do not understand Greek, and such I am sure is Temple."

Lady Moubray, who had been the first to take him up, now dropped him without the least ceremony and all the others followed her example. Edward was astonished at the silent celerity with which he fell out of fashion; and he set it down in his tablets as his very first remark, that it is only single men who can hope to be long idolised in the envied circles of refinement.

CHAP. V.

He continues to observe every thing.—His Adventures with Wits, Philosophers, and Politicians.—He finds that there are drawbacks in all conditions of life.

WHEN he found that the qualification of a bachelor's degree was absolutely necessary to maintain his place in the circles of fashion, he resolved to quit the field altogether, and to cultivate the acquaintance of the man of letters, to whom Mr. Faulkland had introduced him. He found Mr. Lackland, at his first visit, still at table with some friends who had dined with him. They were discussing the question as to what occupation in life was the most useful and agreeable. Learning, ambition, science, had each their advocates. There was a gouty old gentleman in company who supported one of his legs upon a chair.—

"It is love," said the gouty old gentleman.—"I believe that you may be in the right," said a pale haggard looking man, whose hands were none of the fairest—"Love, after all, must be very agreeable—at least I am apt to think so."—"What!" said the other, "have you never made the experiment?"—"No, faith, I never had leisure—my experiments have always been of a different kind." This strange dialogue caused a good deal of mirth and many jokes were passed at the expense of the philosopher, some of which were not of the most delicate kind.

The conversation now became more general; and subjects of all kinds, sacred and profane, were discussed with a freedom and rapidity altogether surprising. Here were wits who scoffed at religion. Manfred was a great philosopher, thought Edward, and yet he respected religion:—they respected nothing but self—and at that brutal shrine they were ready to sacrifice every thing. All their enjoyments were at the expense of some character or some virtue which they chose to proscribe. Among others, the character of a man whose genius was universally acknowledged became the object of their sarcasms, every one had a fling at him.—

" It is clear," said Lackland, " that he does not write from any accurate conceptions of his subject, but from that vague enthusiasm which now-a-days supplies the want of genius, and which has set its water-mark on all the literature of the day." In this manner they went on till an elderly person, of calm and gentlemanly manners, thought fit to check their intemperance, by taking occasion, from what had just passed, to remark on the unhappy situation of those whose enjoyments depend on the sympathy and applause of the public: a tribute which depends on very delicate qualities, and which pride and envy are but too apt to withhold."— " You may say what you please," replied a pale little gentleman, " about a man's enemies; and I believe what you say to be very true: but I maintain that it is an author's friends who do him the most injury. What a confounded shouting do they set up; and what a handle do they furnish against one! One has your face taken, and hangs it up in every print shop; another writes your life; while a third, most abusive of all, has you thrust neck and heels into wretched rhyme, where you hang up like a malefactor in chains, an object for

every vulture to peck at.—No, no," exclaimed the little man, clasping his hands together, and shrinking back as if from a feeling of remembered agony, " I fear not my enemies: but heaven defend me from my friends." This sally afforded much entertainment, especially to those who understood the allusion; and the little gentleman getting up soon after, took his leave with very little ceremony. He was no sooner gone than they all fell upon him. They were not a whit more charitable to each other than to the world: and so far at least they acted like impartial men. In answer to a question put by Edward, one remarked, that he was a literary man who maintained a sickly reputation by dint of begging, borrowing, and stealing. " But though rather of a miscellaneous reputation," retorted another, " he has a very select acquaintance, and is endured by many fine women, though no tradesman can bear the look of him."

Edward sat the whole party out; and as they took their leave one after the other, they each in their turns, were made to suffer by the same weapons which they themselves wielded with so

little mercy. Edward, who was a silent observer of this scene, could not much admire this class of persons, whose minds seemed entirely occupied by the disagreeable sentiments of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness; and who derived all their pleasures from the follies and vices of mankind, without cherishing any sympathy for their virtues. Yet this mode of life seemed to bring its own punishment along with it; and in the nervous feelings of these men he saw enough to make him resolve to shun the indulgence of such passions.

But the philosopher, who had no leisure during a long life for the pleasures of love, excited his curiosity. He made Mr. Lackland give him a more particular introduction: and he took some pains to cultivate his acquaintance. He succeeded in this so well, that he received an invitation to visit him at his own house. This person possessed a large mansion stored with all the implements of science, which he took great pleasure in exhibiting. On one of his visits Edward found him sitting in the midst of his philosophical apparatus, with a vacant and dejected look.—"You must certainly be very happy here," said Edward, (who

had learned a little of the manners of the world)—"independent as you are of the accidents of life, and with all the sources of your enjoyments at command." "I was once very happy in these occupations," replied the philosopher, "but now they begin to fail me. I have spent my life and consumed my frame in study and observation: every operation of nature is familiar to me; and, like a person who has been admitted behind the scenes, I no longer take any interest in the exhibition when I understand the trick. Nothing interests me now:—the thunder that shakes the firmament, terrifies the nations, and fills the poet with sublime conceptions, is to me only the intonation of a subtle fluid, which I can imitate in my closet, and whose powers and qualities are familiar to me.—In my eyes man himself, the divine, is but a complicated machine, to be studied in the same manner as any other piece of mechanism. Here is a volume of poems which I have written upon a new principle, developed by myself; and though I am no poet, they have been admired. I have done this by penetrating into the recesses of thought, and tracing out those operations of the intellect on

which the sublime efforts of the poet depend: and I have discovered that that which is apparently difficult is often easily performed, as the mechanic completes an intricate figure by a few sweeps of his instrument."

After this discourse he conducted Edward to his museum of natural history, where he saw more animals and reptiles than were ever collected together in Noah's ark. After surveying and admiring all these wonders, Edward remarked that a second deluge was all that was wanting to make this collection invaluable: "for with what eager curiosity would these things be surveyed, were they the only specimens of a creation which had passed away." The languid eye of the philosopher brightened up for a moment at this allusion. "That, indeed," he exclaimed, "would be a pride and a pleasure too great for human nature to endure: —but, alas!" he added, with a profound sigh, "there is no hope of that." A pretty hopeful state this for a private gentleman, thought Edward, as he took his leave, where a second deluge is necessary to complete his happiness. I must set this down in my tablets, for Manfred to explain.

He now sought the advice of Mr. Faulkland, to

whom he related the success of his first experiments: he described his adventures with the fashionables—with the wits who ridiculed every thing; and with the philosopher who had written poems on a new principle. Mr. Faulkland, who was much occupied in his public duties, had left Edward to make his own way: now, however, he sought to direct his opinions, and listened to all his observations on what he had seen, with much interest and some amusement. "I think you are fortunate," he said, "in getting rid so easily of the allurements of fashion, which can never afford any solid gratification. Among these people the universal aim is to be distinguished:—to be without beauty or accomplishments is considered as the greatest misfortune in life. This necessarily leads to affectation, and affectation to the destruction of every thing that is valuable in character. In the mean time new systems of education are invented to perpetuate the evil; and folly organized into a system possesses all the advantages of an establishment. Armed with this new power, a few persons arrogate to themselves a despotic influence over the customs of society, and exercise a species of tyranny in the very bosom of freedom. Men of sense and

talent, in place of restraining this folly, have exalted it:—they have submitted to its agreeable seductions; invested it with new charms; and placed it by the side of the virtues.

"In this society a desire of distinction and an unbounded selfishness are the ruling principles: the first leads them into every species of extravagance—the second into every species of meanness:—in them we see united the two extremes of avarice and prodigality. Their transactions are chiefly of two kinds—with those who minister to their enjoyments, or with those who supply them with the means. To the first they are liberal to a fault: to the others they are inexorable. There are some who will depopulate a province, and fill the gaol and the workhouse, rather than abate a single guinea.

"As to the philosopher who treated man as a mere machine, and who has written poems to prove his analysis just, I think you was right in getting rid of him. My mind, I confess, is made up on such subjects: nor have I any wish to be made acquainted with the opinions of men, who it is clear push their systems beyond all bounds of utility. A more profound discernment as to the true nature

of human reason, and the mysterious state of man in the world, might perhaps restrain this abuse of our noblest faculty. I am not one of those, however, who dread any great change in our moral state from the operation of such opinions, even supposing that they were demonstrated to be just: they are placed at too great a distance from the little world of hopes and fears that make up the life of man. There are certain speculations which, like the lights of heaven, must remain for ever at that sublime height where they were first engendered: they may lend an obscure and trembling light; but can never serve to guide us on our path, beneath: there human nature remains essentially the same; and the business of real life, which, with the mass of mankind, is the only thing that is important, goes on uninfluenced by the wild theories of visionary men."

A habit of speaking in public had given to the conversation of Mr. Faulkland a certain declamatory tone: and Edward could distinguish the man of action and business in these opinions themselves as well as in the manner in which they were delivered.

At the conclusion Mr. Faulkland proposed to

conduct his young friend to the senate house, where he would hear subjects discussed more interesting than the speculations of wits and philosophers.—His first feeling in beholding this new scene was one of disappointment:—the plainness and simplicity which distinguished every thing in that assembly, had nothing in it impressive. Add to this that the first person he heard speak gave him a very sensible uneasiness. He rose, he said, to complain of the conduct of the government in a certain affair; and such a picture did he draw of bribery and corruption, tyranny and oppression on the part of the government and its agents—Edward fancied that all the rogues in the country had got into the service of the state. He was relieved, however, by a gentleman on the opposite side, who very gravely contradicted every thing which the other had asserted. A debate of a more important nature, which took place in the course of the evening, afforded a finer specimen of those conflicts of intellect on which at that period the destinies of Europe depended. Mr. Faulkland in an especial manner attracted his attention: the calm and sustained tone of his speaking, distinguished him from all others. In his eloquence,

the three great powers of reason, imagination, and passion, were all united together and in perfection, supporting, animating, and adorning each other. His first feeling of disappointment was now changed to admiration; and he acknowledged the superiority of that taste which, disregarding all external advantages, produced great effects from a few simple elements.

There were many points and allusions in these debates which Edward did not understand. On these occasions he applied to Mr. Faulkland; and the conversations to which they gave rise made him insensibly acquainted with the state of parties and the spirit of the times.

It was in the year 1794 that Edward arrived in London. England had already commenced the war of the Revolution, which differed in its features from all others. It brought into discussion not only the common distinctions of party, but the very principles on which all governments and society itself are founded. The whole appeared to Edward a mighty chaos of conflicting elements; and even Mr. Faulkland acknowledged that it was a subject on which the best and wisest men might easily differ. "For myself," said he, "I have

ever opposed this measure, because I conceive that it is waging war against one of those revolutions, by which, opinion, in its sad and inevitable progression, is ever changing the manners of nations. Throughout Europe a vast change is taking place in the speculative opinions of men. Intelligence, spreading on every side, is working its silent changes beneath the surface; while Philosophy, disencumbered of her robes, has descended from her chair, and, dressed in her sober mantle, mingles with the croud.—Here you see the elements of great political changes, and what have we to oppose to their progress?—An army that possesses nothing but its courage—its officers without experience—its generals without celebrity.—The inflexible character of the minister may for a time arrest this movement; but that which has its foundation in human nature and the spirit of the age, is beyond the control of any single mind. It is sufficient to direct its progress, and this methinks were enough to satisfy a wise, temperate ambition."

In this manner would Mr. Faulkland lay open, without reserve, the enlarged and patriotic principles that guided his public conduct. Edward, gra-

dually entered into all his views, and became his enthusiastic admirer. He now believed that the most exalted happiness must consist in the conscientious discharge of those great public duties on which the liberties and happiness of whole nations depended, and in that fervid applause which was their true and legitimate reward. He now looked down on the pleasures of domestic life; and even placed Manfred below the senator in his estimate of human character. Manfred, he would sometimes say to himself, certainly manages his little system very well, though it is not exempt from accidents: but surely it cannot be compared with the important interests which are influenced by the genius of Faulkland.

He had now found something to interest him; and Mr. Faulkland took great pains to foster this rising inclination. He pointed out to him the subjects most deserving of his attention, and the books which he ought to peruse:—and in order to give him something to do, he invested him with the office of his private secretary. In this situation he had many opportunities of observing the conduct of the party, and the characters of which it was composed. It must be allowed that this

near view somewhat abated his first enthusiasm: nor could he admit the propriety of certain cabals which Mr. Faulkland however justified as means fitted to an end.

A number of circumstances had combined at this time to make the conduct of Mr. Faulkland's party which was in opposition to the government, the object of public attention. England, long accustomed to the alternate sway of two great factions had never looked for any thing beyond their pale. Circumstances, however, had now given birth to men who treated with disdain the mere distinctions of party, and whose professed object was to amend, if not to alter our institutions. The party of Mr. Faulkland, which was supported by many of the greatest aristocratic families in England, was the chief object of the sarcasms of this rising faction. Taught by it, the public began to complain of the high tone of this aristocracy, and to view with indifference the contests of two parties, by whose collisions, they averred, they had always suffered.

The ground being thus prepared, a false step on the part of the opposition, which Mr. Faulkland could not prevent, gave full scope and pro-

bability to the accusations of their enemies. Then it was that Edward witnessed such a scene of falsehood and misrepresentation—such fierce animosities, where every principle of honour and truth seemed to be disregarded,—that he could not help asking if these were English gentlemen. The press, the instrument of freedom, was turned into one of tyranny. Mr. Faulkland seemed about to become its victim, and Edward witnessed in England, *where opinion is said to be free*, a submission and delusion as complete as could have been brought about under an eastern despotism. A short week had driven his patron from his vantage ground; and Edward could not help perceiving the delicate situation of those who dedicate their lives to the service of the public. He could not witness these calumnies with indifference; but his attempts to justify his patron only involved him in disputes which injured his temper. Anger, malice, and resentment, were now the prevailing passions: his chief gratification arose from the vices and infirmities of those to whom he was opposed. He was surprised to find that their very virtues gave him uneasiness. How different was this from the cheer-

ful feelings, the gay amusements, and the enlarged views which occupied his mind in the Happy Valley.

Mr. Faulkland bore the ingratitude of the public with great tranquillity; he treated with indignation the attempt which some had made to separate him, in this last affair, from his party: protesting that he would as soon doubt his own existence as doubt the honour and sincerity of those noble persons with whom he was associated, and whose only aim it was to preserve entire the constitution and liberties of their country.

While Edward acknowledged the greatness of this sentiment, he could not conceal the state of his mind from the penetrating eye of Mr. Faulkland. That veteran told him that he must suppress all personal feelings in the service of the public. "In a constitution such as ours," said he, "these fierce contests are perhaps inevitable—perhaps necessary. Freedom is a hardy plant, which flourishes best when exposed to the inclemencies of the season; and these unseemly tumults of which you complain, strengthen the growth of English liberty as the frosts and storms of winter render our summers more luxuriant."

Edward tried all he could to view matters in this light, but in vain—he was obliged to acknowledge with a sigh, that popular applause, vain and fleeting, was yet necessary to sustain the virtuous hopes and arduous duties even of the true patriot.

CHAP. VI.

Character and conduct of Miss Hastings.—Imprudence of those who set all the chances of happiness on a single throw.

AMONG the various distinguished partizans of Mr. Faulkland's party, the Lord Viscount Moubray was the most conspicuous. At a time when the young nobility of England, immersed in luxury, charmed with the wealth and rank which the mere accidents of birth conferred upon them, had left open to the ambition of commoners all the posts of honour and emolument in the realm—Lord Moubray had been silently preparing himself to act a different part. There was not a better bred nor a more honourable man in England. A countenance as handsome as it was intelligent, bespoke the candour and purity of his sentiments. In him all the dangerous passions were

naturally moderate. With the most amiable dispositions he possessed great application to business, but all these fine qualities were thrown into shade by a feeling of reserve of which he could never divest himself. He had entered into public life under the auspices of Mr. Faulkland, who was in the habit of holding him up as a model for the young men of the age.—This nobleman had remarked with approbation the conduct of Edward in the late unfortunate transactions; and after some conversation on the subject, he empowered Mr. Faulkland to offer to him the post of his private secretary. This was exactly what the other wanted, and after pointing out its various advantages, he recommended to Edward by all means to accept of it. A new scene, especially one which promised a greater field for observation, was of itself recommendation enough to one whose chief business was to observe: he immediately closed with the proposal, and thus was he all at once installed in a new situation.

His Lordship's establishment was for the present superintended by his mother, who, notwithstanding what had happened, received Edward without the least awkwardness. She even seemed anxious

by her attentions to convince him that he was perfectly welcome. There was a large party at her house the day after his arrival, and she took this opportunity of shewing him many civilities. He had already seen most of the persons who were present, and was in conversation with Mr. Faulkland when their attention was attracted by the entrance of two ladies, the eldest of whom might be about fifty, the other about two and twenty. "That is Mrs. Hastings and her daughter," said Mr. Faulkland, "of whom you have heard so much, and who have only come to town very lately."— The characters of these two ladies now became the subject of conversation in the circle in which Edward was placed; but the spirit of scandal, so intemperate towards others, was suspended when they talked of Miss Hastings: even Lackland himself, who was of the party, applauded her without reserve, so impossible is it for men even of the coldest tempers to divest themselves entirely of their admiration of merit. The most that any one attempted was but to point out some shades in the picture; but it was observable that no two of them could agree about the faults, while they were all unanimous in regard to the excellencies. Edward remarked on this circumstance to Mr. Faulkland, who allowed

that it was an indubitable proof of merit. "They are persons," said he, "who though not greatly distinguished either by their fortune or connexions, are yet welcomed into the very first circles. They belong to that class of persons, small in number, whose innate merit is so conspicuous, and at the same time tempered with so much courtesy, that the etiquette of society is suspended in their favour. Mrs. Hastings is a widow and distantly related to the Moubray family. Her late husband, who was a general officer in the service, held a lucrative appointment under the government; and at his death, which happened many years ago, left her amply provided for. She has since dedicated all her care to the education of her daughter, whose amiable dispositions joined to her proficiency in all the useful as well as ornamental accomplishments, has insured her happiness. They are visited by persons of the very first consideration, and might easily, if they pleased, extend their acquaintance in that quarter, but their disposition inclines to retirement, and they prefer a select acquaintance to one more extended and miscellaneous. Circumstances indeed do not permit them to keep up an establishment quite equal to their rank

in society, but I assure you they are not thought the less of on that account."

At this moment Lord Moubray having disengaged himself from a party at the other end of the room, placed himself by the side of Miss Hastings. "There," said Mr. Faulkland, "is a pair who are worthy of each other, his Lordship is certainly one of the most promising young men of the age." Edward agreed to this, but at the same time could not help censuring that reserve which he considered as a blemish in his character. "I believe," replied Mr. Faulkland, "that it is only in comparison with Miss Hastings that he will sink in conversation: for you may observe that she is now more than usually animated."

This was spoken in a way as if more was meant than met the ear, it sunk deep—Mr. Faulkland seemed to regret the observation when he observed the impression which it had made on Edward, but it was too late to remove it.

Mrs. Hastings resided in the neighbourhood, and was a constant visitor at Lady Moubray's.—Edward, a married man, and in the intimacy of Lord Moubray, necessarily became acquainted with the mother and daughter. Other causes contributed

to increase this into intimacy. The reserved and stately manners of Lord Moubray afforded to Edward few opportunities of personal familiarity. The duties of his new post were not very important, nor did they occupy much of his time—the hopes of distinction were as yet, at too great a distance to interest him deeply, and under these circumstances the society of Miss Hastings was his chief resource. Every thing he witnessed tended to increase his admiration; but still the surmise which Mr. Faulkland had thrown out recurred perpetually to his mind, and mingled itself whether he would or no with his estimate of her character.

The countenance and form of Miss Hastings though eminently beautiful, were still more expressive of character than of beauty—but in that expression there was something peculiar: to a careless observer the extreme correctness of her demeanour might be supposed to proceed from the absence of sensibility; but while her manners were marked by an unvarying propriety, Edward fancied that he could trace in the ever changing expression of her countenance the existence of a passion that in secret consumed her.

She was always present at Lady Moubray's parties, and as every one pursued on these occasions that kind of entertainment most suitable to their tastes, there were a few, who finding themselves mutually agreeable to each other were in the habit of getting together. Miss Hastings and Lord Moubray were always of this party, where subjects of more interest than the mere topics of the day, were frequently discussed. On one of these occasions, when Edward was present, the conversation happened to turn on that peculiar quality in literature which commands the most universal admiration and which ought to be considered as the test of genius. Every one gave opinions on this subject dictated more by their individual tastes than by any comprehensive view of the subject. Miss Hastings alone seemed superior to this narrowness of sentiment, and after adverting to the various modes of invention, in the literature of different countries, she concluded by awarding the palm of merit to the Italian writers. Lord Moubray was the only one who seemed unmoved by the beauty and justness of her illustrations; and while others expressed their admiration he coldly remarked that the quality which she so much ad-

mired in the Italian might be found in equal perfection in Spanish literature. Miss Hastings turned pale at this remark, though Edward was the only one who perceived it. He observed that she took no farther part in the conversation that evening and soon afterwards retired. On calling a few mornings after he found that she had procured books and a master, and had already commenced with her accustomed spirit the study of Spanish literature.

This was but one of a series of exertions which these conversations entailed upon her, and which Edward, who was now admitted to her confidence, witnessed with astonishment. Some casual opinion of Lord Moubray, carelessly expressed and perhaps thought of no more, was to her a source of new exertions. His tastes and opinions were the standards on which she formed her own; and she, whose fine discernment enabled her to discriminate every species of excellence, seemed only anxious to walk by his light. In such a character as that of Miss Hastings ambition could only suggest the noblest means of attaining its ends. She did not aspire to conquer by depressing a rival but by exalting herself. Her efforts for this purpose were unceasing and labo-

rious beyond imagination, and their effects began already to be visible on a frame too delicate to resist the fire that so fatally consumed it. Every triumph of her wit and genius; and they were many—only gave occasion to fresh efforts; and amid the elegant enjoyments and brilliant pleasures by which she was surrounded, Edward perceived that Miss Hastings was not happy. It was not however from any thing in her manner that he could ever have learned this. In another, suspense might have given rise to anxiety and impatience; but in her it only served to call forth a greatness of mind which insured her tranquillity.

The reserve of Lord Moubray formed a frightful contrast to the sensibility of his relative. He was indeed a constant visitor and appeared to take great pleasure in the society of Miss Hastings; but still he merely seemed to pay her that superior respect which her merits demanded from all who approached her. He was even careful by the frequent use of the term cousin, to put his attentions on the score of their relationship. It appeared inconceivable to Edward that a man should exist capable of appreciating her admirable qualities, and at the same time capable of resisting them. But

though his attentions were not those of a lover, it was impossible that he could be insensible to the merits and accomplishments which attracted so universal an admiration.

But the triumphs which this too ambitious girl purchased at so dear a price, were about to be snatched away from her. Lady Moubray had never intermeddled with those little select parties to which we have alluded. She neither possessed a relish for that kind of intellectual entertainment nor even a just perception of its merits. All of a sudden however, her tastes changed, and one evening accompanied by Lady N. she joined the circle. After some unsuccessful attempts to mingle in the conversation she could not help feeling that though she might occupy a chair in the circle, she could never in reality form one in a conversation where Miss Hastings took the lead. She resolved therefore to mar a scene which she could not enliven; and after listening for some time with an affected attention, broke in rudely on the conversation by proposing music. Lord Moubray was passionately fond of music, but nature had denied to Miss Hastings the power of excelling in that divine art; neither her ear nor the compass of her

voice admitted of delicate execution; nor was music ever introduced at those parties where Miss Hastings charmed every one by talents of a far superior kind. She therefore declined singing, though vehemently pressed by Lady Moubray— Lady N. however complied immediately, and her excellence in the art was praised by every one, and by none more than by Lord Moubray.

This was the commencement of a series of persecutions more intolerable to its victim than the torments of the inquisition. Lady Moubray was anxious for the marriage of her son, but not with Miss Hastings, whose predominating genius she could not but feel and dread. The lady who should aspire to be her daughter-in-law must submit to her judgment in every thing—and with her, life was spent in ascertaining its properties. In Lady N. she had lately met with a person suited to her purposes, and all her address was now employed to shew her off at the expense of Miss Hastings. In the mere beauty of feature Lady N. was superior to Miss Hastings, she was also younger; and the effect of her personal accomplishments, if not so striking, was, at least in the opinion of many, the more agreeable of the two.

Lady N. was therefore a rival not to be despised, and this enabled Lady Moubray to pursue successfully the work of persecution. No one could be better adapted to the office than this unfeeling woman, who without talents or accomplishments yet possessed a quick penetration into all the intricacies of polished life. She could follow her victim through all the mazes of society, who felt her power at every turn, but could not escape from it. On one striking occasion indeed, the superior talents of Miss Hastings defeated all her arts and secured to her a triumph amidst the innumerable snares by which she was surrounded, but this very triumph only accelerated her fate.—Lady Moubray, who was really incapable of appreciating the exalted character of Miss Hastings, considered her merely as a girl ambitious of a coronet; and she took this opportunity of letting her see, in a manner the most cutting, that she was acquainted with her secret. Three words from Lady Moubray, and in public too, removed all delusion, and struck her down at once from her airy elevation.—Miss Hastings had always flattered herself that her secret was unknown to every one—above all to Lady Moubray. With the most rigid

ideas of the propriety of female conduct, she could not bear to be suspected of a passion which she felt ought to be for ever buried in oblivion—from this moment she gave up the contest. Her health, which had gradually sunk under a course of suffering which prevented even the power of complaining, now compelled her to withdraw altogether from society. This was the reason avowed for her retreat, and there was but too much truth in it, though Lady Moubray persisted to the last in considering it as unfounded. Edward, whose admiration of Miss Hastings was unbounded, witnessed this whole scene with the deepest sympathy. He could not behold a noble mind sinking under the pressure of calamity without aching to relieve it: and yet he saw that all this existed in a society where every thing was gay and agreeable, and was not even perceived by many who saw nothing beyond the surface.

She had now been confined ten days to her apartment, and during all that time Edward had been constant in his inquiries—on the eleventh he was admitted to see her. Miss Hastings had remarked the deep interest which Edward took in her fortunes, and situated as she was, could not

help being grateful for it. He found her alone in her dressing-room: she rose to receive him, and made him sit down on the couch by her side. He was so much startled at the change which had already taken place in her appearance; that he cast an anxious glance round the room as if seeking some other object to engage his attention:—but the subjects of her studies, formerly kept in exact order, now lay neglected round her, nor did she seem any longer inclined to enter on her favorite topics: she had exchanged that ambitious tone which produces only admiration for one more touching and more true to nature. They were both conscious indeed that there was but one subject on which they could converse. Miss Hastings herself, more courageous than her friend, led the way to it. After making some inquiries respecting the friends whom she esteemed the most, she alluded with unaffected composure to Lord Moubray's marriage with Lady N. which was now reported every where. "I am convinced," said Edward, "that it will never happen." "Why not?" she asked with great quickness: but resuming all at once her wonted composure, she added, "Lady N. is a very lovely woman; and marriage

should unite the young blossoms of affection not its withered stems."—As she said this she glanced her eye downwards to the arm which, pale and emaciated, lay motionless on the couch by her side.—Edward snatched it up and pressed it to his lips. It was now for the first time that he could fix his eye steadfastly on her face—what a change was there ?—pale—placid—speechless. The eye alone spoke—they were the dark hollow craters which told what secret fires burned beneath.

Edward had come to this interview with the hope of persuading Miss Hastings to return to society: and he could not help alluding to the regrets of those who wished to see her again in her place. But Miss Hastings stopped him short in the midst of these flattering allusions. "I do not indeed require," she said, "to be reminded of the attachment of the friends whom I abandon, but nothing shall tempt me back again to a scene which is not good for me:—but now that all is over, do not think that I regret the part which I have acted. I know my own heart,—and by that heaven which I hope for, I would not now exchange the remembrance of those efforts which have exalted me in my own esteem,

for all the recollections which prosperity could bestow. I shall now live in the past alone."—Edward perceived at once how vain it would be to contend against a resolution consecrated by such exalted principles, with a sentiment too superadded, which made it human—made it feminine, yet took away nothing from its firmness. He withdrew from this interview, convinced that without some great effort, Miss Hastings would never again appear to disturb the intrigues of Lady Moubray.

CHAP. VII.

Which shews that the accidents of life may accomplish that for which we have laboured in vain.—Edward learns not to be too sanguine, even in a virtuous pursuit.

EDWARD had admired other women for various qualities; but in Miss Hastings he saw good sense, benevolence, and a well regulated temper, set off by a refinement of sentiment and a dignified simplicity, of which he had formerly no conception. And must this lovely and too ambitious girl become the victim of a hopeless passion? He was convinced indeed that her death must be the consequence of a disappointment; and he felt over again the desperate situation of those who in the game of life set every thing upon a single throw. A great change now suddenly took place in his character: he was no longer the calm observer, who, with feelings half subdued, had come forth

to view the world, and to appreciate its enjoyments. The purpose of his expedition, his present situation, and the maxims of Manfred, were all alike forgotten amid the vivid and forcible movements of passion. It was only to serve and save Miss Hastings that he now breathed: and this purpose, which was founded in virtue, took entire possession of his soul.

He had for some time past suspected that a secret entanglement must be the cause of Lord Moubray's reserve. Certain notes in a beautiful female hand, which had been occasionally left for his Lordship, first gave rise to this suspicion: and he resolved to take advantage of the circumstance, should it ever occur again, to watch the movements of his patron. He had to wait a whole week before the opportunity offered. At the end of that time a note was left in the usual way, which his Lordship had no sooner read, than he called for his horse, and took the road towards the park. Edward followed at wary distance, and placed himself in a retired spot where he could have a view of the ring without being visible himself. He had not remained long in this position when he observed his Lordship, who was still on horseback, in

close conversation with a lady in a chariot and pair. After a time the chariot drawing up, she alighted, and giving her arm to Lord Moubray, whose horse her footman held by the bridle; they struck into a private walk together. After remaining in close conversation for about half an hour, his Lordship reconducted the lady to her chariot, and remounting his horse, gallopped off in the opposite direction. Edward, who had observed all this from the place of his concealment, marked the direction which the chariot took, and crossing the park, was enabled to meet it at the opposite side. He had now a near view of the lady: it was a countenance he had never seen before, where the features were rather agreeable than regular, with an air of gaiety and good humour shining out in every part of it. He continued to keep his eye on the chariot, which moved slowly towards the gate at Oxford Street, where it stopped to take up a gentleman, who seemed to wait its arrival there, and then drove rapidly off.

It was natural enough to suppose that it was his Lordship's entanglement with this lady which rendered him averse to marriage. But how was this connexion to be broken:—the task was evi-

dently one surrounded by difficulties, and which required a hand accustomed to move the most delicate springs.

After much reflection he resolved to communicate his discovery to Lady Moubray: he knew that she would be equally anxious with himself to break off this connexion, in order to further her own views in favour of Lady N.: and he calculated on finding in her Ladyship an able and dexterous co-operator for the attainment of his purpose; for he made no doubt were this bar once removed that Lord Moubray's preference of Miss Hastings would appear. He exulted too in the thought that he would best punish all her Ladyship's cruelty towards Miss Hastings, by making her the willing instrument of that Lady's exaltation.

Lady Moubray was a good deal surprised at this communication—she had never suspected such a cause; but she was obliged to acknowledge that Edward's suspicions were extremely probable.—" I am sorry for it with all my heart," she exclaimed, in a hasty manner, " for after all that they say about his pride, which is an English failing, there is not a finer young man in England."

She thanked Edward very cordially for this piece of service:—and as they were both anxious for the same end, though from very different motives, a close intimacy now took place between them. Her Ladyship spoke in the most open and unreserved manner of her intentions in respect to Lady N.; and when Edward remarked that such an attachment as they had now discovered might prove an insuperable bar to the harmony of his marriage—"Not at all," she replied. "I am anxious that my son should marry, it is true, but not that he should have any violent attachment to the woman of his choice. It is enough that esteem, and conformity of tastes should after marriage ripen into friendship, which, when all romance is at an end, can be the only durable sentiment in the married state." When Edward ventured to make some opposition to opinions which he fancied breathed too much of the worldly spirit, she defended them on the ground of their utility; "I am convinced," she said, "that there is something in marriage itself, where the tempers are amorous, which has a tendency to produce inconstancy. It has been justly said, that love can only exist amid

the agitations of hopes and fears; and those who look to preserve it alive amid the certain enjoyments of marriage, may be disappointed, and seek, in other attachments, to realize visionary hopes. I am well acquainted with the secret history of certain love-matches. There is B. and his wife, whose violent fondness made them the ridicule of the whole town; and after three years of enjoyment, it has landed them in the paradise of Doctors' Commons. Indeed, the records of our courts of justice abound in examples of vows broken which were made in sincerity; and families deserted, which, but for the dreams of romance, might have been the pledges of a constant affection. When I observe all this, I am tempted to believe in the remark of Mr. Faulkland, that in certain cases those very ties and duties, in place of restraining, rather hurry them on to their ruin, as conscious guilt only served to exalt the passion of Eloise."

But notwithstanding these admirable reasons against a man being in love with his wife, her Ladyship was anxious to break off this unfortunate connexion of her son, which might certainly prove an obstacle to her designs. Many schemes for this

purpose were talked of; but it was first of all necessary to ascertain the history of the party, in question, and to effect this there did not seem to be any immediate clue.

Two days after this conversation, as Lord Moubray and his secretary were engaged together in the library, the servant announced a person of the name of Lieutenant Harrowby, who was accordingly introduced. Edward, who was busy at a side-table in the corner of the room, looked up, and was surprised to find that this Lieutenant was the very person whom the fair unknown had taken up in her chariot. His appearance was so very particular, that it was impossible to mistake him. From that part of the conversation which he could not avoid hearing, he learned that the Lieutenant came to solicit his Lordship's interest for an appointment, which had just become vacant by the sudden death of the person who held it. After obtaining his Lordship's promise to this effect he withdrew.

Edward felt impatient to communicate this new incident to Lady Moubray, and he went in quest of her as soon as he could disengage himself. He found her about to step into her carriage.—Perceiving that he had something to communicate, she

made him get in with her, and they drove off together.—"I see how it is," she said, after hearing Edward's story, "my son is to be disgraced by patronising the beggarly relations of this adventurer. But it must not be.—I know a person who, to oblige me, will get the appointment filled up, before my son shall have time to apply for it, and I will drive to his house immediately. This step was not exactly what Edward wished or looked for—he felt that it would be injuring a man in the dark and one too, to whom he was an utter stranger. He tried to divert her Ladyship from so hasty a step, by remarking that he was sure Lord Moubray would never employ his influence in such a way as to disgrace himself.—"Greater men have done so," replied her Ladyship; "and though he is my son, I do not think him perfect. We all know that there must be other means of getting forward besides merit and family connexions, or how would certain persons make their fortunes in the world? Was it the services of Colonel M. think ye who never saw a shot fired, that gave him the command of a regiment at five and twenty; or was it the talents of that Trotter, who cannot write a sentence of decent English; or was it the interest

of his father, the honest porter of Thames Street, which made him a commissioner, with fifteen hundred good pounds a year? But my son shall not fall into this snare, for I will drive to the Treasury this instant, and get the appointment filled up."

This was spoken in so decisive a tone as to prevent all further opposition, and as Edward had no business at the Treasury he requested to be set down. The carriage drew up near Hyde Park gate for that purpose, and it so happened that the first person he saw on alighting, was Lieutenant Harrowby leaning over the rail: their eyes met, and Edward fancied that the man whom he had injured scowled upon him. He now regretted the part he had just acted, and even hoped that Lady Moubray might fail in her application. He soon learned, however, that she had succeeded but too well. Such an errand as her's indeed could not well fail of success at the Treasury. The appointment was immediately given away; and when Lord M. applied, next day, he was informed that he was too late. Her Ladyship did not appear in the affair; and Edward hoped that he could never be suspected as the secret agent, as he began to have some doubts about the propriety of such intrigues even in a vir-

tuous cause. These hopes were however soon dissipated by a very disagreeable incident, which was the germ of a long train of consequences as strange as they were unexpected.

In the midst of intrigues which were but little suited to his character, Edward, on returning home late, was stopped by a person in the street, who demanded, with great politeness, if his name was not Beauvaise? On replying in the affirmative, the other, who was muffled up in a great coat, put a card into his hand: "May I beg your attention," said he, "to the contents of this; and lest your memory should prove unfaithful, take this memorandum along with it." And as he said this, he lifted up his cane, and began to apply it with great perseverance to the secretary's shoulders. Edward, who was also armed with a cane, returned the salute by a violent blow on the head. They closed, and the stranger losing his cane in the struggle, grasped that of Edward, and being the more powerful man of the two, wrested it from his hand. At this moment the watch appearing, they separated, and his assailant made off.

At first Edward did not imagine that he was hurt, till attempting to move his wrist he per-

ceived that it was violently sprained. He was proceeding homewards, when observing a light in a surgeon's shop with whom he was acquainted, he went in to have it examined. While the necessary applications were making to the part affected he related the strange attack which had been made upon him, and produced the card which his antagonist had put into his hand. It contained the following admonition:—" Your presumptuous interference in a late affair is not unknown to me:—beware of the next step, unless you wish to draw upon yourself the resentment of one who will regard your life as nothing in comparison of his revenge."

The surgeon, a shrewd airy little man, who knew the town, rightly conjectured that his patient must know something of this mysterious enunciation. Edward, who could not pretend ignorance, related the anecdote of the Lieutenant who had been disappointed through his means. He had just concluded this account, when a servant in livery ran into the shop to desire the surgeon's immediate attendance on a gentleman, who had been attacked and wounded in the street. He pro-

mised to attend immediately; and the servant having left a card of address went away.

Edward observed that the livery which this servant wore was the same which belonged to the fair unknown in the park, and a thought struck him that the person to whom the surgeon was now called could be no other than the man who had assaulted him in the street. Here was a clue then to the whole affair, and he conceived a bold manœuvre, by which he might get possession at once of all the circumstances of a connexion which he wished above all things to unravel. The co-operation of the surgeon was necessary to carry his plan into execution; and in order to gain his confidence he related to him frankly the motives and objects of his conduct; begging in conclusion, to be permitted to accompany him to the house in quality of his assistant. The surgeon objected at first to this extravagant proposal, though he allowed that Edward's suspicions were extremely feasable. On examining the card of address, however, which lay on the counter, his gravity relaxed—"I can now pretty well guess," said he, smiling, "at the nature of your entanglement, and can have no objections to take you along with me, provided you

promise to remain concealed throughout." Edward was surprised at the shrewdness of his friend, who could gather so much from a card which contained nothing but the name of a street, and a particular number. They now prepared to set out for the scene of their adventure. "Take up that parcel of dressings and follow me." Edward buttoned up his great coat, drew his hat over his face, and put the box under his arm. On getting to the house, which was at no great distance, the surgeon, who walked first, was shewn up stairs to the apartment of the wounded man. Edward followed. On the first landing place they were met by a lady, and the light falling upon her face, he recognized the very person whom he had seen in the park in close conversation with Lord Moubray. She seemed greatly affected; and after recommending her brother to their best care, walked down stairs. They found the Lieutenant stretched on a bed, complaining violently, and in no very decorous terms, of the wound in his head. Under these circumstances Edward had no difficulty in remaining concealed. He continued to keep in the back-ground, and to discharge without the least ostentation the duties of his new office.

While this scene was passing above stairs, a new one, not less comic, was preparing in a different place—the lady was entertaining another guest below, and that guest was Lord Moubray. He had arrived a few minutes after Edward and the surgeon. Miss Harrowby's agitation could not be concealed, and she accounted for it by relating the accident which had befallen her brother.—A lover on these occasions is always suspicious, and glancing his eye round the room, his Lordship perceived the cane which the Lieutenant had wrested from Edward in the street, and which had been left in that place. He took it up to examine it. Miss Harrowby explained how it came there, a circumstance which she had omitted in her first narrative :—this did not escape her lover, who still holding the cane in his hand, continued to muse on this story. He had in fact recognised it as having belonged to his secretary, as it was one which he had himself given him :—and some suspicions that Edward was acquainted with this connexion of his now rushed into his mind.

" Am I to understand then," said his Lordship, " that you know nothing of the person to whom this cane belongs?" " Nothing whatever," re-

plied the other, " he was never within these doors; but I hope it may lead to a discovery of the person who has been guilty of this outrage." " It has done so already," said his Lordship, " for this cane belongs to my secretary, and here are his initials on the head of it; it is certainly not a little strange that my secretary's cane should be found in your apartment, and stranger still that it should have got here in the manner you describe:"—and as he summed up with affected coolness all these strange coincidences, he fixed his eye on the lady.—She perceived his suspicions: " I declare, my Lord, that that cane came into my house in the manner I have described: I know nothing of your secretary, and I appeal to my brother for the truth of what I assert. Do not load me, my Lord, with unjust suspicions."

At this moment the door opened and Edward entered the room. He was anxious to have some excuse for conversing with Miss Harrowby, and had obtained leave to go down and report the state of their patient. Edward started back on perceiving Lord Moubray, whose surprise kept him silent:—all his suspicions were now confirmed,

and he was convinced that he was betrayed. The lady attributed this emotion to a wrong cause, and hastened to remove it.—" This," she said, " is the medical gentleman in attendance on my brother.—Pray, sir, how is he?" Edward standing in the middle of the room stammered out a reply, which no one understood, while the lady repeated her inquiries with all the simplicity and earnestness of real feeling.

Lord Moubray, who looked upon this whole scene as a consummate piece of finesse and impudence, now lost all patience.—" This, madam, is too much," he exclaimed, starting from his chair, while the lady remained fixed to hers in mute astonishment, " you may as well desist from putting any further questions to this gentleman, who, for one of the faculty, seems to know very little about the state of his patient. You have this night displayed accomplishments which I did not imagine you possessed; but while I applaud the readiness of your invention, you must excuse me from being any longer its dupe. As to you Sir, who have been thus suddenly invested with a new character, I shall henceforth dispense with your services, as I have

no further occasion for a secretary of such extraordinary qualifications as yourself." Edward, faultering and confused, attempted an explanation—but a miracle would hardly have driven from his Lordship's mind, the strong conviction which a train of circumstances had indelibly impressed upon it. He saw nothing in the conduct of those before him but a complication of treachery, falsehood, and ingratitude. He flung out of the house in a rage, leaving Edward standing in the middle of the room; while the lady, unable to understand what was passing before her eyes, had not power to utter a single syllable.

After his Lordship had retired, Miss Harrowby was the first to recover her senses: and going up to Edward, she begged to be informed who he was. "Pray, Sir, who are you?"—She was obliged to repeat this question more than once, before Edward could make up his mind what answer to give to it—at last he thought it best to tell the plain truth: he accordingly informed her of his situation, the attack which had been made upon him in the street, the loss of his cane, and the mode in which he had traced the assailant.

It was easy to see that there was one mode left to set every thing to rights. The evidence of Edward, corroborated by that of the surgeon, must convince Lord Moubray of the innocence of his mistress; and Edward, before he could get away, was obliged to promise that this should be done next day.

It was impossible to think of returning home, he therefore took up his lodgings at an hotel. It was now one o'clock in the morning and he had matter enough to keep him awake for two good hours at least. On taking a calm review of the whole transaction he was convinced that it was this unworthy attachment to an adventurer which was the only obstacle to an event which of all others he wished to see accomplished. This attachment was now interrupted, the event which he had laboured in vain to accomplish, was now brought about by a train of circumstances over which he had no control—but then the whole was founded on mistake; to bring forward the evidence of the surgeon and his own, in order to prove to Lord Moubray the innocence of his mistress, and to unravel that complicated skein which a train of cir-

cumstances had so strangely entangled:—to do all this would evidently be to rivet his Lordship in an attachment which was unworthy of him, and of which Miss Hastings must be the sacrifice. But he had promised to do this, and the fortunes of a woman (innocent at least in this instance) depended upon him: but then it must be done to the benefit of vice, and to the injury of merit and virtue. In the end the cause of Miss Hastings prevailed, and he resolved whatever might be the sacrifice, to leave Lord Moubray in the undisturbed possession of all his errors. An interview which he had next day with the surgeon confirmed him in this resolution.—That person assured him that the Lieutenant was not the brother of Miss Harrowby, though he passed for such; and that his Lordship was in reality deceived, though not in the way in which he imagined.

After talking over the whole affair they agreed that it would be as well to allow matters to remain as they were, and without their evidence they could not be unravelled. Thus it came to pass that Miss Harrowby though guilty in reality, had the mortification to lose her lover through a suspicion of

which she was innocent. Lord Moubray, though in reality a dupe, did not understand the game that was played, and cast off a faithless mistress for a crime of which she was guiltless ; while Edward, by merely imposing silence upon himself, saw his wishes accomplished by a series of events as singular as they now appeared to be inevitable.

CHAP. VIII.

Effects of Lord Moubray's displeasure.—He is stripped of his estate.—His conduct in misfortune, and the useful lessons he learned from adversity.

THE great assume to themselves mighty privileges, and even those who exclaim against them do not always escape from their influence. It was the patronage of Lord Moubray which conferred on Edward all his consequence; and when that was indignantly withdrawn, every door was shut against him. Lady Moubray, who had no further occasion for his services, passed him by without notice; nor was he permitted to tell Miss Hastings how much he had sacrificed for her sake. This was not all—the whole affair, under fresh disguises, found its way into the public prints, and Edward was so situated that he could not defend himself. Certain parts of his private history were harrowed

up and misrepresented for the entertainment of the public. His friendship was said to be the most dangerous of all possessions—he never formed a connexion, they averred, which he did not abandon, nor serve a master whom he did not betray. He had now occasion for all that philosophy which he had learned from Manfred, and all those consoling sentiments of conscious virtue which he had from within. Still these feelings, admirable as they were, could not always support him; our enjoyments cannot be for ever drawn from reflection.—Poor human nature would demand its dole—he would sometimes wish that Miss Hastings knew what he had sacrificed for her sake,—and amid the solitude which now surrounded him, would sometimes sigh to think that a more steady and perfect enjoyment was not attached to the consciousness of virtue. Mr. Faulkland was the only person, to whom he could have ventured, in so delicate an affair, to entrust the secret motives of his conduct;—but he was absent in a distant part of the kingdom, and was not expected to arrive for some time.

He still continued to reside at the hotel whither he had gone after his adventure at Miss Harrow-

by's. There, in his present state of depression, he fell into the society of a set of men who spent the night in dissipation and the day in recounting the dissipations of the night. His chief companion on this occasion was an extravagant youth of two and twenty, who undertook to initiate him into the pleasures of the town. This modern fine gentleman was the only son of a man of large property much advanced in years. His post obits on the old gentleman's life amounted to more than his skill in arithmetic enabled him to calculate, and he assured Edward that it was all the fashion. Luckily for him a domestic misfortune broke off this connexion almost at its commencement. As they were lounging one day in a fashionable shop, this young spendthrift took a fancy for a very expensive trinket, which he insisted on having; but the artist who knew the terms on which he always made his purchases, and who disliked the security, declared with many apologies that he could not possibly have it, as it was already promised to another. The beau, who knew his meaning very well, laughed in his face, assuring him that his security was improving every day, and continued to dispute about the value. In the

midst of this conversation a servant in livery ran into the shop—" Sir," exclaimed the man, much affected, " you must hurry home directly, your father has fallen down in an apoplexy!" The youth, with infinite presence of mind, took advantage of this accident to fall his price above twenty per cent. as the security was so suddenly improved, and though the trinket was promised to another, the jeweller let him have it, on the strength of the apoplexy.

The selfishness of this wretch, who was now busy in preparing a splendid funeral for his father, disgusted Edward, who sought relief from reflection in the pleasures of the bottle. It was now that he remembered the saying of Manfred, " That a little wine was good," for we always remember the maxims of philosophy when they flatter our passions. Wine led to gaming, and the progress to excess here was still more rapid. Propriety compels us to draw a thick veil over these excesses. For two days he remained at the gaming table without intermission. By swallowing coffee and a little soup, he was enabled to make this great effort; at the conclusion he had lost every guinea. A value was next put upon certain estates which were

at his disposal, and the title-deeds lodged as the security. This enabled him to go on, and a second sitting terminated by reducing him to a beggar. He walked out alone, for no one now opposed his departure. It was then three o'clock, and the cold morning air blowing over his heated frame, restored him to tranquillity.—"Thank heaven," he exclaimed, "I am not now worth a guinea. I have got rid of my fortune and my friends, and if there be any truth in the philosophy of Maufred, there is now surely some chance of my being happy." Such had been the dreadful course of his life for the last week that even this termination was felt to be a blessing.

The situation in which he was now placed was altogether new to him. He had never known what it was to want money, and he saw that his slender finances must quickly be exhausted. Something must be done, as he was not of a temper to bear degradation with patience. An expedition was at this time preparing, and he resolved to join it as a volunteer. He set out for the coast accordingly, where an army lay encamped, which was designed to effect a landing on the Continent. The head-quarters were at a considerable town,

whither he repaired, and demanding to speak with the Colonel of one of the regiments, he told him his purpose of joining the expedition as a volunteer. The Colonel, who did not want for penetration, received him with politeness, paid him many compliments on his spirit, and said that he should be proud to have such a volunteer in his regiment. Edward, though he held no commission and did duty as a private soldier, was nevertheless admitted into the regimental mess as is customary on such occasions. On the second day of his dining there a young officer of the name of Warwick, of a most gentlemanly appearance, sat opposite to him. They were mutually pleased with each other, till unfortunately the conversation happened to turn on the politics of the day, and the conduct of the opposition. Edward was surprised to hear the measures of his late friends impugned by every one. Warwick, in a more particular manner, censured the conduct of Mr. Faulkland, and even declared that he doubted the purity of his motives.—" You must excuse me for contradicting you," exclaimed Edward, with much warmth, " but from circumstances which I cannot at present explain, I must indeed know this matter better than you, Captain

Warwick." "My name is Lieutenant Warwick," replied the other, with the utmost coolness, as he rose from the table, and bowing to the company left the room. A pause of a moment ensued on the departure of Warwick, Edward looked round and saw every eye fixed upon him. He could not conceive the meaning of this sudden departure, and no one seemed willing to explain it.

In the morning however it was made sufficiently plain by a person who waited upon him at a very early hour for that purpose. Edward astonished at a message, the meaning of which he could not misunderstand, would have discussed the matter,—"Sir," replied the other, cutting him short, "I have no orders to discuss this matter with you, so you will excuse me—you must make the desired apology, or you know the consequence."—Edward, who perceived how fatal such a step must be at the very outset of his military career, and whose irritated temper could ill brook such peremptory terms, immediately accepted the challenge. Two hours after, they met.—Warwick behaved with the utmost politeness. The distance betwixt the muzzles of their pieces was exactly six paces

and a half, which is according to the point of honour. Edward, who fired first, missed his antagonist, and rejoiced at it; but Warwick's ball received a truer direction—it pierced his antagonist in the thigh, who sunk under it. He was immediately conveyed to an inn in the neighbourhood, and laid on a camp-bed to await the arrival of the surgeon. Such was his first step in the pursuit of glory.

When the Colonel was made acquainted with this rencontre, he waited upon Edward, and expressed some surprise at his warmth in the defence of Mr. Faulkland. This drew from him an acknowledgment of his connexion with that gentleman; and when this circumstance came to be known, it tended to exalt his character in the regiment. Warwick immediately apologised for his conduct, and declared that had he been acquainted with his connexion with Mr. Faulkland, he would have excused his warmth.

Edward was charmed with the frank and martial spirit of these officers, many of whom seemed alive to nothing but the glory of their country. He was visited by one or more of them every day,

but this agreeable intercourse was soon interrupted by the order for embarkation. They took leave of Edward with many expressions of civility, and the Colonel urged him to rejoin the regiment in Holland.

While Edward lay on his bed of sickness the expedition sailed:—it reached the coast of Holland; and the first dispatches that were received from its chief praised the conduct of the fortieth regiment, and the valor of Warwick.—"Alas!" exclaimed Edward, as he read these praises of his antagonist, "how unfortunate was our quarrel, else I might have shared in these honors and fought by his side!"

He was now left without friend or comforter, in the room of an obscure inn, to meditate on his misfortunes. That reckless spirit of dissipation which had incessantly governed him since his dismissal from Lord Moubray's, was now of necessity checked. With a ball in the thigh there was no getting away: no resource from change of place or pursuit—and what was worse, no escaping from reflection. When he looked back on all that he had done and suffered, he could not help blaming Manfred for engaging him in so dangerous an experi-

ment. In his splenetic humour he even called in question the truth of his maxims.—"It may be very true," he said to himself, "that events are nothing, provided we can keep our temper; but when a man has been stripped of his estate by sharpers, has been wounded in the thigh, and is confined to the room of an obscure inn, it is not so easy a matter to preserve one's good humour."

Poverty, sickness, and solitude, however, are no bad instructors; and if they do not altogether overpower our fortitude, must at least teach us to endure. They produced this effect on Edward's temper, at the very time that he was loudest in his complaints, and fancied himself the most unfortunate of men. After three weeks confinement he was enabled, with the assistance of a crutch, to quit his apartment for the first time. Passing through the court-yard of the inn late in the evening, he met a kitchen wench, with a mop in one hand, and a pail of water in the other. She looked so rosy and good-natured, that he could not help accosting her—"You seem to lead a pretty comfortable life here, my dear," said Edward.—"To be sure I do," replied the girl, "what's to make me uncomfortable?—I do my work, and have my

health;—but I must not stand here talking with you all night, for I have to scour the kitchen before I sleep." On saying this she bustled along, leaving Edward resting on his crutch. The spectacle of this poor girl, contented in the midst of poverty, made him blush when he reflected on his own superior means of enjoyment; and in place of returning to his bedchamber to indulge in melancholy thoughts, he walked directly into the common room of the inn, which was set apart for the use of travellers. He had not sat here long when his attention was attracted by a great noise of voices in an adjoining room; and on inquiring into the cause of it, he was informed by the waiter, that the club was sitting. The man went about his business as not thinking any further information necessary: but a gentleman in black, who was present, gave him to understand that the club consisted of young men of good families in the neighbourhood, who met there once a week to settle their opinions of government and politics.—" And a very excellent plan, too," said he, " where opinions are so changeable."—" I think so too," said Edward: " these gentlemen, who live by the week, must be pleasant fellows."

They were here interrupted by the appearance of two fresh-coloured young men, who entered arm in arm, talking loud; and without noticing any one, immediately passed into the club-room. They were followed by the landlord, and Edward inquired who the gentlemen were. "You may well ask that question," said the landlord, "for they are no longer their father's children; the son of honest Farmer Gubbins has forgotten himself—he now orders my servants about as if he kept a footman of his own; and gallops through every room in my house as though he had a couple of horses in my stable." The noise in the club-room now became so loud, that they could not help hearing what passed. Several voices insisted at the same time on the privilege of being heard:—at length, one more fortunate than the others, succeeded in procuring silence. "Here," said he, "is a plan which I have drawn up, and thus our constitution shall be moulded—the commons house——" "You might as well begin at the top," interrupted one in a shrill voice, which caused a laugh: "Well, then," resumed the other, "the house of lords—I'll dock that entail."—"I'll not have it so—the lords shall stand."—"I say they shall not—you

say, and who are you?"—"As good a man as you." Here the uproar and clamour of voices became so loud that nothing could be heard distinctly but some single expressions, as, "Rights of man —liberty and equality,"—mingled with threats, abuse, and curses.

"Now that they have got on the old topic," said the landlord, "we shall have a broken head presently." He had hardly made the remark, when a great crash of chairs and glasses was heard, and one of the company ran into the room with the blood streaming down his face. An accident so serious affected every one. The landlord called stoutly for the apothecary, who happened to be in the house; but the man in black quitted the room with evident signs of disgust. As for Edward, he went up in the kindest manner to the wounded gentleman—"Is this the way," said he, "in which they settle their opinions—what a set of brutes!—I wonder, Sir, that you should keep company with such fellows."—"As good as yourself, I believe," retorted the other, in an indignant tone—"Do'st think I mind a broken head? It is not the first, and landlord there knows it." These magnanimous sentiments however quickly changed, when

the nature of his hurt came to be ascertained: for the blow had taken effect in such a way that the left eye appeared to be displaced from its socket. When the politician was convinced of the serious nature of the injury, (for the apothecary did not conceal his fears) he inquired into the law of the case. He could not deny that he gave the first assault.—"If that be the case," said the apothecary, (after hearing the particulars of the story,) "you cannot recover by an action at law; the weapon, mark me, was in his hand; you assaulted him, and he made a thrust at you—all this is perfectly regular and according to law:—had he gone in search of a weapon the case would have been different; but as it was in his hand, he was entitled by law to dislodge one of your eyes."—"Alas!" exclaimed the one-eyed politician, "these are nice distinctions, and I am no lawyer: but should I lose an eye by a brutal assault, surely there must be some redress for so great a misfortune!" Edward thought so too, and maintained that there must be a legal remedy; but on further inquiry he found that the first opinion was correct, and that the ejectment in this case was a legal one.

Edward therefore advised him as there was nothing else for it, to sit down quietly under his misfortune, and if possible to consider it as one of those accidents which ought not to disturb our tranquillity; but from the manner in which he received this advice, it was evident that it was either above or below his comprehension. It was necessary that he should remain where he was for the night, as his home was at some distance. Edward and the apothecary sat for some time by his bed-side and endeavoured to amuse and comfort him. The apothecary, who had not much delicacy of sentiment, endeavoured to console him by proving (should the worst happen) that one eye answered all the purposes of two. "Single vision," said he, "after all, is but the result of two eyes, an operation which can be performed quite as well with one." To prove to him that there were others equally unfortunate with himself, Edward related some of the accidents which had befallen him, and especially the wound which had made him a cripple for life. From their own ills they must needs consider those of mankind in general, and this led into a long discussion on the origin of evil; for the politician, like a true mo-

dern, knew a little of every thing.—" It is certainly inexplicable," said Edward. The honest apothecary did not understand one word of all this, yet thought it necessary to say something. —" Sin and Death," said the honest apothecary, " came into the world together."—" Very well," replied Edward, " and when shall we change this poultice?"

It was here that he beheld, for the first time, and in a broad light, the ludicrous side of human nature. He saw some contented in their absurdity; others struggling in an awkward manner to grasp objects beyond their reach—both equally ridiculous: and he judged that human life contained ample materials for amusement as well as for lamentation.

CHAP. IX.

After some unlucky adventures, he falls into good hands.—Resources and enjoyments of humble life.

After being confined above a month at this inn, he was so far recovered as to be able to quit it.—The state of his finances made it necessary for him to do something; and, after much consideration, he resolved to proceed by slow stages to London, from whence he intended to write to Manfred the fate of his expedition.

The effects of his wound, which had in fact made him a cripple for life, caused him to give up all idea of rejoining his regiment in Holland. After discharging therefore all demands that were made upon him, a process which left very little money in his pocket, he set out, resolving to make the first stage on foot. The road lay along the sea-coast, which was at this place flat and barren, exhibiting

nothing to the view but a few straggling fishing-towns, or rather villages, which only served to increase the dreariness of the prospect.

He had not proceeded above two miles when his curiosity was excited by the strange behaviour of a person before him. His pace was now quick—now slow; and ever and anon stopping short, he pulled a book from his pocket, and appeared to set something down in writing. On drawing nearer, he perceived that it was the man in black who had testified so much disgust at the conduct of the politicians. He had now an opportunity of observing him more minutely, as he was obliged to follow him through many of his doublings before he could come up with him. There was a negligence in his dress, but ill calculated to shew off to advantage a person which was below the middle size, with slender limbs and a large head. His countenance might not perhaps have appeared above the usual breadth, had the features occupied their usual places therein; but unfortunately they were all thrown into the breadth of a crown-piece in the middle of it. He recognised Edward immediately; and as their roads lay for some way together, they agreed to travel in com-

pany. The conversation naturally turned on what had passed at the Inn.—"I confess," said the stranger, "that I have a particular dislike to such exhibitions; the folly of the people always makes me melancholy."—"Then," replied Edward, "you must lead rather an uncomfortable life of it."—"Not at all," rejoined the other, "I escape from this vile world of ours into one of my own, where there is neither vice nor absurdity:—for tell me, can there be any thing more contemptible than the daily occupations and passions of men—to see them heaping up riches which they want spirit to enjoy; and though surrounded by ills, dreading death, which they yet know to be inevitable.—Our only escape from this scene of absurdity, is through the resources of the intellect and imagination. These pursuits exalt our nature—place us above fear, anger, and envy; and open up new sources of enjoyment." This must be a great philosopher, thought Edward, who listened to these opinions with infinite delight.

At this moment they were standing together on the beach, when the sun bursting out ere he set, flung his long rays across the waters.—The stranger turned to admire this beautiful spectacle, which

seemed to elevate him above himself.—" What is this subtle spirit of light," he exclaimed, " which is breathed upon the universe?—how beautiful!—what grand effect!—and yet were we admitted behind the scene we might perhaps smile at the simple elements by which all this is produced."—Edward did not exactly comprehend this idea; it was rather too sublime for him, though it derived a certain force from its very obscurity. His new friend was a character to which he had never yet seen any thing similar:—a certain mysterious and meditative air marked all his sentiments; and after a long conversation Edward set him down as a most profound philosopher. He had made up his mind on this subject when they arrived at a place where an arm of the sea prevented any further progress in that direction. The regular ferry-boat had sailed above a quarter of an hour before; but a sailor, who had a little skiff of his own, agreed to put them across at the usual price. Having taken their places, the sailor loosed his sail, and sitting in the stern with the sheet in one hand and the rudder in the other, guided his little bark across the bay. The breeze freshening as they cleared the shore made the boat lean over.—

"Sir," said the philosopher, alarmed, "take care what you are about, for if the centre of gravity fall beyond the base, the boat must overset." The sailor made no answer to this, and the other went on explaining the doctrine of gravity. "I know nothing of these matters," said the sailor, dryly. "You see the ignorance of these people," said the philosopher, turning to Edward, who being but little alarmed, sat observing the whole scene with much attention.

The sailor in the mean time had his eye fixed on a little dark cloud which had suddenly collected above the horizon, and he kept the sail up in hopes of gaining the shore before the squall came on—but he was deceived. "I hope you can swim," said the sailor to the philosopher: "Not at all," cried the other, "why do you ask that question?" There was no time for any reply, for at this moment the wind overtook them all of a sudden, and laid the boat on her beam ends. The sailor could have restored every thing; but the philosopher, starting up in an agony of fear, entangled the sheet, and the boat overset. They were at this moment within twenty paces of the shore. Edward swam to land without difficulty: and the phi-

losopher was saved by the dexterity of the sailor. He lugged him without ceremony to the beach, where, as soon as he could speak, the philosopher addressed him thus:—"You are a clever fellow certainly, and I am obliged to you; but let me tell you that it is all owing to your ignorance of principles that this has happened." "That may very well be," replied the other, with great simplicity, "for I know nothing of these matters; but had you only kept your seat, every thing would have gone right." The pupil of the philosopher Manfred, who stood by, shivering on the beach, lifted up his hands and eyes at this spectacle: he was disgusted beyond measure to find that one, who in speculation seemed so far removed above the weaknesses of human nature, should yet in action be so much less than man. Add to this that he was at the moment bruised and drenched with sea-water—so that a fine speech from the mouth of Socrates himself would have been unwelcome:—judge what effect it must have coming from a person whose want of common resolution had reduced him to that condition. It made him quite sick; and after some cold civilities they parted.

Having thus got rid of the man whom but a few

hours before he admired above all others, Edward sat himself down on a large stone which he found near the sea-shore. Here he continued to muse on the strange and humiliating contradictions observable in human nature, when a spaniel, which happened to be passing that way, ran up and thrust his snout betwixt his legs. "Confound the cur," cried Edward, giving the dog a kick. The groom, who was at hand, seemed much offended at this injurious appellation, and asked, with much indignation in his countenance, what he meant by calling master's bitch a cur. Edward stared at this strange question without uttering a syllable; and the groom, calling his dog by her christian name, proceeded on his way. Every now and then, however, as he gave the animal a caress, he would turn round and shake his clenched fist at Edward. Every thing is important which affects the passions; the abuse of an ignorant groom deepened the chagrin of a man who had conversed with the philosopher Manfred. He ran over in gloomy silence all the events of his life. There are moments of intense feeling when we live whole years over again in an instant of time: he thought of the circumstance which had compelled him to quit his home; his

adventures in the Happy Valley; the fatal consequences of his friendship towards Miss Hastings; the sharpers who had stripped him of his estate; his quarrel with Warwick; the duel; the wound, and all the strange circumstances which had followed till he was thrown up, bruised and half-drowned, upon the beach. He thought himself at this moment the most miserable of men, when in fact a most happy change was on the point of taking place. And how was this brought about?—At the distance of three hundred paces stood the house of an honest market-gardener, to which Edward repaired for assistance. On perceiving his situation, the mistress of the house asked him to throw off his coat, and take a chair by the fire, while a little girl brought him a plaid.—The good woman was only anxious to assist her guest, without troubling him with questions; but the little girl, when she saw the blood upon his cheeks, could not help asking, with much concern, if Will Banks had been at him. This Will, it appeared, was the village-bruiser, who had given many specimens of that kind of colouring. Before Edward could answer the question, which the girl in her simplicity had put to him; the mother

reproved her daughter's curiosity, saying, that the young man might not come of these parts. Edward replied that he did not, for that his friends lived many miles distant. The good woman on this advised him to be more careful, and not be going about the country in that manner; while the little girl wondered what he could do so far from home.

He was now relieved by the entrance of the husband, who returned from the labours of the day, accompanied by an old seafaring man. On being informed by his wife of the situation of the stranger, he made Edward welcome to his house. He laughed heartily at the philosopher, when he understood the manner in which the accident had happened, and the old mariner remarked very gravely that nothing better could be expected from a fellow who had never been on salt water. They were here interrupted by the entrance of the village-schoolmaster, who had been drawn thither by the report of the accident. On being informed of what had happened, he said that these things never surprised him, and that nothing better could be expected from a set of people who were ignorant of the true light. " But I hope," said he, staring

at the gardener all the time he was speaking, " that the young man is not hurt, and it will be a warning to him to chuse his company better."—Some other persons now dropped in, and it was soon after proposed to adjourn to a neighbouring alehouse, where they could be more at their ease.—Edward accompanied them, and they paid him all the honours customary on such occasions; that is to say, they placed him in the most convenient seat for lighting his pipe, and when the bottle came, they insisted upon his drinking the first glass.—When he had complied with these ceremonies, which he found to be indispensable, he was permitted to do as he pleased.

In the course of the evening the good humour of the company was much increased by the arrival of a post-boy from a neighbouring town, who brought news of a great victory having been gained at sea, some of the particulars of which he related. On the admiral's name being mentioned, " I recollect him," said the old mariner, twenty years ago a lieutenant in the West-Indies; and though he wasn't of our ship," said he, " I very well remember that his name was talked of when we beat the French under Count de Grasse."—" Such a

man," said the gardener, " has a claim on the good offices of every man in the country."—" He has so," said the schoolmaster; and I would take a pride in teaching a son of his, his letters, though he wasn't of the foundation."

When the party broke up the gardener carried his guest home with him. In the course of the evening they conversed freely together. He soon found that his host was a person guided in all his sentiments and actions by a few simple rules, which he referred to on all occasions. In order to satisfy his curiosity, Edward related some of the adventures which he had met with: but the honest man could not understand why a person should thus run about the country without any object or purpose that he could comprehend. Edward tried to explain the matter, but with very little success—the overpowering absurdity still brought him back to the old question. " But," said Edward, a little testily, " those who remain in one place are no more exempted from misfortunes than those who wander—you no doubt have had yours?"—" I cannot complain of any very grievous ones," replied the gardener: " my grandfather, my father, and myself, have cultivated this

spot of ground for the last sixty years: I supply the shop of a green grocer who lives in the next town. He is an excellent man—he visits me to-morrow, and you shall see him."

The mind resembles the eye, which accommodates itself to circumstances. Edward, shut up in the cottage of a market-gardener, did not die either of disgust or ennui. He even felt some curiosity to see this green-grocer, who was so excellent a man, and whose trade supported the economy of a market-gardener.

Next day the green-grocer arrived in a little covered cart with his whole family. Eleven chubby children leaped out of the box one after the other. Edward thought there was to be no end to them. They immediately began to scamper about the grounds with the gardener's children, who were their old friends.

In the hospitality and economy of these honest people Edward saw something to admire. They seemed entirely occupied in providing for their families, and in devising new modes for increasing their trade. Their sagacity on these points did not escape his observation: nor their comfortable feelings, for they seemed completely satisfied with

their mode of life. "Here are persons, thought he, who have found the path to happiness without being at the trouble of seeking for it; for it does not appear, as far as I can see, that they have ever troubled their heads about the matter."

In the evening he again resumed his conversation with his host. The honest man listened with great attention; and after his guest had concluded, "I tell you again," said he, "that you seem to me to have brought all these misfortunes upon yourself: if you will only settle in some good line of business, I will answer for it that you will no longer be kicked about the world as you have been. What say you?—What can you do?"—This was the first time in his life that the question had ever been so abruptly put. He was startled when he thought of the answer which he must make.—"Suppose then," said the gardener, who observed his embarrassment, "that, for the present, you take a spade in your hand and assist me in the garden: you will easily earn your board in this way while you stay, and so there will be no obligations on either side." Edward, after a moment's reflection, agreed, and the next morning he was called up at day-break to attend his host into the garden,

who explained to him the manner in which the work was to be performed. He began his task with ardour—he resolved not to think at all.—Every time that an idea of his former sufferings came across his mind, he thrust his spade with greater force into the earth, and he found that this was an admirable cure for melancholy. He was called to breakfast at an early hour, and had an excellent appetite. In the evening he returned fatigued; and after amusing himself with the children, retired to bed, where he slept soundly till morning. Every day rendered this mode of life more tolerable: at length it became agreeable; and he continued it from choice.

In this manner did the regular occupations of industry, simple diet, and sound repose, restore his mind to that wholesome tone to which it had been long a stranger. "Manfred was certainly in the right when he asserted that agreeable occupation must be the foundation of our happiness:—but how strange, that after trying all modes of life,—after conversing with philosophers and statesmen, wits and beauties, I should sit down here contented in a little garden on the sea-shore." Such were his reflexions as the agreeable calm of regular ha-

bits and moderate passions succeeded to turbulence and distraction.

When from his own little circle he turned his view to the families in the neighbourhood: he found that they were all busily occupied in getting money; and that this pursuit formed a never-failing source of interest, and prevented many of the evils of life. This made him reflect on the folly of those, who would seek to extirpate the selfish principle, without substituting any thing of equal force in its place, leaving men a prey to sloth and idleness, with all the evils that follow in their train. He now became familiar with the resources and enjoyments of the sojourners in humble life: they seemed to him to repose with implicit confidence on the faith and the hopes of their forefathers; and amid sufferings and privations, he saw what a delightful light it was, which the exercise of a simple piety sheds over the loom of industry. Such objects fortunately cannot be beheld with indifference.

But this enviable calm, which seemed placed beyond the reach of accident, was suddenly disturbed by an event which overthrew in a moment all the economy of his new occupation.— The gardener was ever anxious to oblige his guest,

whom he liked more and more; and one day, on his return from market, brought home with him a parcel of old newspapers, which that excellent man, the green-grocer, had given him. There were some of them dated nearly a month back, and subsequent to the period that Edward left London. He was engaged in looking over these, when the following paragraph met his eye:—

"It is now certain, that in a few days Lord Moubray will lead to the hymeneal altar the accomplished daughter of the late General Hastings."

He read over this paragraph above twenty times before he could venture to give way to his feelings. He examined the paper and the date over and over again, and when he was convinced at last that there could be no mistake, he gave way to immoderate transports of joy. All his late resolutions were forgotten in a moment, and he resolved immediately to set out for London. "I shall now," he said to himself, "witness a scene of perfect enjoyment, and have the satisfaction to know that I myself contributed to it." He accordingly hurried every thing for his departure; and after bidding adieu to his host, whom he promised again

to visit, and making a present to the little girl, who had paid him so much attention, he commenced his journey. The little family whom he left behind were very much surprised at this sudden resolution; nor could they comprehend how the marriage of a great lord in London should take such an effect on a young man who worked in their garden.

CHAP. X.

Edward revisits London.—Of the changes which had taken place in his absence.—Death of Faulkland.

On arriving in London, which he did by rapid stages, his first visit was to Mr. Lackland, and almost his first question respected Miss Hastings. "It is very true," replied Lackland, "Miss Hastings is now Lady Moubray. It is above a month since their nuptials were solemnized; and I advise you to lose no time in paying your respects there, for I know they both regret your sudden departure, and have made many inquiries to find out the place of your retreat." Edward expressed an immoderate joy at this intelligence, and could hardly prolong his visit to the accustomed length, so impatient was he to pay his compliments to Lady Moubray. He was admitted the moment he sent in his card. She was alone;

and Edward perceived from an emotion, which she tried in vain to suppress, that Mr. Faulkland had told every thing. The lively expression of her feelings on this occasion recalled to his remembrance the emanations of that ardent spirit which had inspired her with the resolution of marrying Lord Moubray, or perishing in the attempt. These, however, quickly subsided, and he was pleased with the change which had taken place in her demeanor.—That secret agitation, which even her magnanimous efforts could not altogether repress, and which showed the restless spirit which preyed upon her repose, was now softened into a mild and equal serenity. All those powers and accomplishments formerly directed to one only object, were now diffused over her whole manners, and bestowed on them an infinity of charms. As her mind was now open to all impressions, her fancy had its full range, and she displayed a thousand graces which had formerly been buried in the tomb of her ambition. The reception which he met with from Lord Moubray was equally kind: no allusion was made to the past; and he was invited to become a frequent visitor to their house. He quickly perceived that Lady Moubray had ac-

quired an entire ascendent over the affections of her husband. Her ambition gratified, love became the ruling passion, and the aspiring mistress of Lord Moubray was now anxious to perform with dignity and propriety all the duties of an accomplished wife. Her disposition, naturally active, now received a new bias. She quickly drew within her circle every thing most esteemed and coveted; and the society at her house was distinguished by a spirit more attractive than fashion alone could bestow. Edward beheld her in the first moments of her triumph, in the midst of a brilliant circle, the object of universal admiration. The unvarying propriety of her conduct, and the brilliant success which had crowned her hazardous efforts, gave her, in his eyes, a fascination, which at this moment, could not be resisted.

He quickly found that a great change had taken place in that party with which he was formerly connected. The elements of which it was composed now seemed to repel each other. They were no longer followed by that sympathy and applause which had once consoled them in adversity. Mr. Faulkland had retired; while some had gone over to the minister, and others had

ceased to oppose him. The public mind, ever fickle, had found new objects of attention, and that party, to prop and extend whose reputation a Byng had been sacrificed, and a Wolf had bled, were no longer the objects of interest or enquiry. Lord Moubray had declined into a political partisan. He had abandoned some part of those noble principles which he had once cherished with so much devotion. He even acknowledged this, and excused it on the plea that it was necessary to yield something in order to act with effect. Mr. Lackland, who related these changes to Edward, exulted in them, because they verified his predictions, and afforded scope for fresh sarcasms; but they made Edward melancholy, because they dissipated some of his most agreeable illusions.

But among all the changes, which had taken place in his absence, it was the fate of Mr. Faulkland which chiefly interested him. He had observed with surprise a certain backwardness in Lord Moubray to speak of the cause of Mr. Faulkland's retreat, which, when he could not evade the subject altogether, he ascribed to ill health. When Edward mentioned this circumstance to Mr. Lackland, "I do not wonder,"

said he, " at the unwillingness of his lordship to enter upon the subject; it is one indeed on which the whole party are particularly tender, and which they have tried every art to envelope in mystery. The fact is, that Mr. Faulkland, with ideas on certain subjects suited to the golden ages of romance, became, the Lord knows how, the nominal leader of a party, whose real object under every disguise was power. They were well acquainted with the delicacy of his temper, and contrived to conceal from him their real views, while they availed themselves on all occasions of his talents and popularity. An event however which occurred soon after your leaving London, served to place in their true light the characters of certain men, in whose honour and patriotism he had hitherto placed an implicit reliance. This discovery, at which a wise man would have laughed, produced strange effects in a mind constituted like that of Mr. Faulkland. His friends did not know what to think, for he made no complaint; nor was the cause of his retirement ever publickly known. His character, in fact, is one which depends on very delicate qualities, and which it is difficult to understand. Of all the public men

in England, he is the only one whose conduct on any given occasion I would find any difficulty in predicting. On this occasion he became indifferent to business:—it was to no purpose that they endeavoured to engage him in new cabals. An event which gave fresh hopes to the party deepened his chagrin, and threw him into a fit of gloom which all their efforts could not remove. He changed all at once, and giving up business, retired to a little villa which he possesses on the banks of the Thames, where he lives in complete seclusion." Edward perceived that this account was too characteristic of the speaker to be quite exact as to the truth; and all that he could safely gather from it was, that some secret cause of disgust had induced Mr. Faulkland to retire from public life.

Notwithstanding his reported aversion to company, Edward resolved to visit him in his retreat, an intention which he put in force the very next day. On arriving at his villa, which was only eight miles from town, he sent in his card with an intimation that he would retire, if his visit were not perfectly agreeable. He was admitted immediately and received with more than usual

kindness. In appearance Mr. Faulkland was but little changed, so little indeed that he was convinced the accounts which he had received were exaggerated. When their first civilities and enquiries had passed off, Edward procceded to give an account of his adventures since his dismissal from Lord Moubray's. Mr. Faulkland seemed amused by some of these details, and in his turn related the steps which he had taken to clear up his character with Lord Moubray, and also some very curious particulars which preceded his marriage with Miss Hastings. From this they naturally passed to the topics of the day, and Edward was surprised to find Mr. Faulkland unacquainted with certain occurrences which had lately taken place. He explained this by saying that he had lost all interest about events which he no longer promoted or retarded.

Their first conversation lasted nearly two hours. At its termination Mr. Faulkland made some allusions to himself. "You see," said he, "that a great change has taken place since last we met— I am here quite alone, seldom admitting visitors: having lost all relish for that kind of entertainment which they usually furnish; but I should consider

myself fortunate could I prevail on you to prolong your visit, and detain you for a short time from the pleasures of London." "You will not find that a very difficult task," replied Edward, "I have no intention of again entering into the pursuits of ambition; and you see me here again in the world only to bid it an eternal adieu." With these sentiments Mr. Faulkland had little difficulty in inducing Edward to remain where he was; and with the exception of one or two short visits to London, he resided for above a month at this villa. He quickly perceived the fallacy of his first opinions, regarding his patron, and a more intimate acquaintance convinced him, that the late events had made deep and serious inroads on the whole constitution of his mind and temper. Sometimes indeed his mornings were enlivened with an appearance of cheerfulness but the evening never failed to bring an accession to his disorder. He had lost all taste for books. On one occasion he said, "There are a thousand volumes in that room, and I cannot bear to open one of them. I have lost all relish for that ambitious tone in which they are written, and which I once admired so much— It is the eloquence of nature only which can touch

me now, and in that I find them all to be deficient."

The temporary exhilaration produced by the society and conversation of his guest now quickly subsided, and Mr. Faulkland gradually sunk into his former state of depression. Edward continued to watch over him with unceasing attention, while he tried every art to alleviate his melancholy. One evening as they sat together in the garden which commanded a view of the Thames and the country round; he pointed to a little villa embosomed in trees, "That," said he, "puts me in mind of Manfred's cottage in the Happy Valley." This allusion awakened many agreeable recollections, of which Edward took advantage. He now communicated his intention of revisiting the East Cottage, and even endeavoured, by every art, to prevail on Mr. Faulkland to accompany him.—"In that delightful retreat," he exclaimed, "and far removed from scenes which are unworthy of you, we will partake together of all the pleasures of a country life, which will be ennobled by your presence. Sometimes, when you are so inclined, we will join in the active occupations of the friend of your youth; and sometimes reclined by that stream, whose

banks covered with flowers I have so often admired, we will try if we cannot charm philosophy from the schools and set her beside us on the green." Without giving any direct answer to this proposal Mr. Faulkland changed the conversation to the philosophy of Manfred, whose gay and cheerful spirit harmonized so well with the scene before them Edward declared that he had seen a great deal to prove the truth of his favourite maxim—that there was much real enjoyment in the world, and he related some anecdotes in proof of this.—"Yes," said Mr. Faulkland, after a long pause, "Manfred is in the right—the people of England possess all the great elements of happiness—happy in the exercise of their great public duties, but happiest of all when they retire into the privacy of home—in those moments when the chair by the fire and the domestic circle are the throne and the people.—Such is their condition; but look into futurity and tell me what you see there?" "My eye," said Edward, "cannot reach so far." "I will assist its vision—know that there are principles at work, before whose withering progress, the national virtues will one by one become extinct. Forsaking experience, the only safe guide

in human affairs, we have adopted vain theories, the offspring of human ingenuity; and the finger of a boy has set springs in motion which the force of a giant will not be able to control. Even that fine spirit of intelligence and refinement which beautifies life with so many charms, will but render the catastrophe the more complete—the contrast the more hideous:—even now the extremes of society begin to lose sight of each other:—the gilded dome of the building ascends into the skies:—the foundation sinks into the earth."

It was impossible not to regard these gloomy views as the effect of a mind somewhat disordered; and Edward again endeavoured to change the subject to one more agreeable; but Mr. Faulkland, without making any reply, got up abruptly and walked into the house. As the evening advanced he gradually changed; and when the clock struck twelve, which was his usual hour for retiring, he was seized with a fit of dejection, which all Edward's efforts could not remove. He had observed this singular circumstance before; but it was too remarkable, on this occasion, not to excite his curiosity.—" Whence, my dear Sir," he enquired, " is this sudden dejection? Is there any

thing I can do to alleviate your melancholy?"—" Alas!" replied Mr. Faulkland, " this is ever my fate:—you are the only one who seems sincerely to sympathize with my sufferings, and I will intrust to you the cause of my disquiet. Know then that a sentiment the most distressing has of late taken possession of my soul;—it haunts my slumbers; and I endure in my sleep the most indescribable emotions:—my waking thoughts I have strength of mind sufficient to control; but, as night approaches, I am seized as you see with a dejection, which cannot be repelled."—Edward was astonished at this declaration.—" What sentiment is this to which you allude?—Call up your reason, Sir, to dispel a feeling which in you can have no just foundation." " The feeling of which I complain," replied Mr. Faulkland, " has its foundation in reason: how then can reason remove it? It is no idle chimera of the imagination—no effect of a gloomy temper; it is fixed here,—and sheds its unvaried gloom over my soul, as the shadows of the promontory darken the water." Edward waited in breathless expectation, unable to interrupt the long pause which now ensued. " In every sign—in every event," continued

Mr. Faulkland, "I see nothing but the ruin and degradation of my country. It is in vain that I try to banish this dreadful image from my heart: —even sleep brings me no relief from its horrors— it chills my slumbers, and creeps over my frame,— like the worm over the insensible dead."

How vain to contend against a sentiment like this. Edward stood by his couch, the silent spectator of the progress of a calamity which no human power could arrest. All that followed was but the vain struggle of a spirit, too highly tempered, to admit either of consolation or sympathy, and Mr. Faulkland now sunk rapidly into a state of irretrievable melancholy. As his strength declined the physicians no longer concealed their apprehensions even from himself: but he would not permit his friends to be informed of his situation. He spoke of his party to Edward in terms of unshaken confidence. "Tell them," I charge you, "that I die firm in all my principles, and that I bequeath to them my last hopes and wishes in behalf of my country." This noble trait of unshaken confidence which marked the elevation of his mind, never for a moment deserted the soul of Faulkland.

As his dissolution approached, the mind partook of the body's weakness—and Edward witnessed the last flutterings of a spirit, which in its strength or in its weakness reposed upon itself alone. It was a spectacle which rooted out from his mind all that remained of pride and ambition; and after paying the last duties of affectionate respect to the memory of his patron, he resolved to set out directly for the Happy Valley.

CHAP. XI.

Edward again appears in the Happy Valley—his departure thence; and the last advice which Manfred gave to Edward.

THE necessity of arranging certain pecuniary matters, detained him for some time contrary to his inclination in London. During this period he had frequent opportunities of observing Lady Moubray, and he now fancied that she gave a little too much into the town manners. The last time he saw her she was surrounded by five hundred fashionables, jaded with the toil of pleasing people, most of whom she despised. Edward, who knew the resources of her mind, could not understand this—"They are not all fools then who take-pleasure in such things; this is a new fact which Manfred must explain, and I will set out directly for the East Cottage." He accordingly

bad adieu to the Moubrays and went to have a little conversation for the last time with his friend Lackland. He spoke to him of some of the changes which gave him pain: Lackland, who was never surprised at any thing, made the following reply— "These people have nothing to do but to be happy, and you see the plans which they fall upon —it is absolutely necessary to have something to hope for; and Lord Moubray finds this in the contentions of a political party, and his Lady in the pursuits of fashion: wait but a few years, and such is the imperfection of our nature, that this admirable couple will be content to dwindle into mere common place people; anxious for the success of some petty cabal, or for the stated return of some paultry pleasure which custom shall have rendered necessary." Edward breathed a deep sigh over this sad vaticination.——"I will not stay to witness it, however," he exclaimed, "for I will set out directly for the East Cottage, it is there only that people are happy, because they are wise."

He accordingly commenced his journey next morning, for there was nothing now to detain him. A sentiment of calmness and resignation, not in-

compatible with cheerfulness, took possession of his mind, as he drew near to the spot from whence, twelve months before, he had set out to see the world and to gain experience. When he considered all the consequences of this romantic expedition he could not help smiling at the simplicity of Manfred, who could think to secure his happiness by such means.

It can hardly be doubted that his first visit was to the philosopher Manfred. He limped into the parlour and stood suddenly before the old gentleman, who was not greatly surprised to see him return in that manner. He had heard of his dismissal from Lord Moubray's and he feared that he would afterwards fall into the most absurd dilemmas: In fact he never expected to see him again. He had made a calculation and raised a scheme, not of nativities by the stars, but of probabilities from a knowledge of character; and the result was, that Edward, after numerous excesses, might be killed in some night-brawl, or perish unheard of in some foreign land. He looked upon him therefore as a person recovered from the dead and even rejoiced that his own predictions were not fulfilled in

the death of his friend—a singular instance of humanity in a philosopher, and perhaps the first of the kind that has ever occurred since that species of animal has infested the earth.

The two friends stared at each other for some moments in silence.—" What," said Edward, (seeing that Manfred's concern kept him silent) " is this your philosophy? You who used to tell me that fortune and accidents are nothing,—good humour every thing. Know, Sir, that I am a convert to your doctrines—I have suffered every misfortune since I parted from you, yet you see me now more gay and happy than ever. Yes, my friend, your doctrines are admirable, and you are a great philosopher." Manfred, who did not well know how to understand these fine compliments, welcomed Edward back to the East Cottage. " But, my dear Sir," said he, " how is this?—You are no longer the man you was—what has brought you to this pass?"—" Virtue," replied Edward, " if friendship be virtue. You sent me forth to view the world—I followed your advice in every thing, and you see what it has brought me to."

Before he would pass any opinion, Manfred required a more full detail of his adventures; what

accidents he had encountered, and what passions he had indulged.—Edward ran rapidly over those events which had made the deepest impression, and the detail awakened feelings which had begun to slumber in his bosom. He described his connexion with Lord Moubray, his friendship for Miss Hastings, and the unfortunate consequences to which it gave birth. "It was in this state of desolation," he exclaimed, "that I remembered your maxim, that a little wine was good." — "Yes," said Manfred, "a little wine is very good."—"But, Sir, I could not be content with a little."—"There you was wrong," exclaimed the philosopher, "I warned you against the dangers of excess."—"True," replied Edward, "but you did not give me the power of observing that warning; you told me that moderation was necessary, but you did not tell me how to acquire self-command."—"How to acquire it?—by a conviction of its necessity—by reflecting on the evils of excess."—"But, alas, Sir! I always forgot these admirable lessons, or at least did not recollect them till the evil was committed, and then they only served to aggravate my misery. Wine led to gaming—and then came my curse again, for here too I could

not be content with a little.—What shall I say?"—"Nothing," interrupted Manfred, "your good sense came at length to rescue you from this scene of degradation."——"How could it, Sir, when sense, feeling, and reflection were all—all obscured in that lurid atmosphere. It was the influence of a new passion which saved me from destruction." And here he detailed his expedition to the coast,—his quarrel with Warwick,—the duel,—the wound, and all the consequences to which it led. After concluding his narrative, "You see, Sir," said Edward, "that the experiment which you put me upon making, was one full of danger even when I followed your excellent maxims."—"General maxims," replied Manfred, gravely, "must always be adjusted to particular circumstances; and it often requires much judgment to do this." "Then what is the use of them?"—"Very little," said Manfred, "to the unskilful."—"And the skilful," replied Edward, "want them not."—"There are none," said the philosopher, "to whom general principles may not be useful."—"It may be so," replied Edward, "but they must be very expert in applying them, and the rules must be adapted to a vast variety of

cases: for I have found the world a mighty chaos, where things, beautiful and deformed, grand and ridiculous, are strangely mingled together; and these, too, sliding into each other by such imperceptible gradations, that it is difficult to tell where the virtue ends or the vice begins."—Manfred checked his guest in this hasty estimate of human life.—"I have lived," said he, "for sixty years in the world—its evils and its crimes bear no proportion to its beauties and its virtues. Every thing has its remedy. You ascribe to my maxims those evils which arose from a wrong application of them; but need you be told that the abuse of the best things produces the worst:—or if any part of a system be omitted, can you expect that the remainder will play with exactness?" Edward, in an altered tone, admitted the truth of these observations, and excused his warmth as well as he could—"I always acknowledged," said he, "the justness of your opinions, though I believe it to be very difficult to regulate life according to exact system."—Manfred agreed to this, and allowed that rules were useless without experience.

Manfred, who perceived the irritation which these recollections produced, changed the subject,

and they agreed to defer all further discussion for the present. His wife now appeared to welcome back her former guest, and the conversation became more general. The Captain entered soon after, anxious to see his old friend: and Edward observed that he had laid aside his military jacket. The Counsellor then made his appearance; he saluted the learned gentleman with a profound bow: the incident of the bloody nose was forgotten; or if remembered at all, it only served to create astonishment that a circumstance so absurd could be followed by such effects.

The return of Edward to the East Cottage was soon announced, and all his former friends hastened to welcome him back. The ladies received him with acclamations. Mrs. Likely and Miss Polly, who were next door neighbours, came first; and Emily, who was now married, arrived soon after. They spent a most delightful evening at the East Cottage. It may be well believed that it was the adventures of Edward which formed the great subject of interest. He described to them London, and the manners of fashionable life; by what seductive arts he had been flattered and caressed, and by what accident he fell out of fashion. Miss

Polly blamed the indelicacy of these persons. Manfred smiled; but neither Mrs. Likely nor Emily said any thing. In order to show both sides of the picture, Edward now told the tale of Miss Hastings. They all admired her:—Mrs. Likely especially gloried in her success, and seemed to regard her triumph as the triumph of the sex. Miss Polly, however, could not admit the propriety of her making love to Lord Moubray. This produced a warm discussion; and it was agreed at last that the example was not to be imitated, and that success alone could warrant so hazardous an enterprize. By this decision Miss Polly established her favorite principle, that it was the duty of the gentlemen on all occasions to make love to the ladies.

He now ran rapidly over the most entertaining parts of his adventures. He described to them the wits who admired nothing,—the enthusiast, whose courage deserted him in the presence of real danger,—and the philosopher who wished for a second deluge that his collection might become invaluable.

These agreeable details lasted till the time of supper; and after that repast was concluded, as

the ladies made no motion to go, the conversation was resumed. Manfred now took the lead:—"You went forth," said he, "to observe the manners of the world, and to gain experience; in what situations have you found the greatest degree of comfort?"—"I have found," replied Edward, "the most constant enjoyment annexed to the pursuits of successful industry." And in proof of this assertion, he related his connexion with the market-gardener and the green-grocer, who was so excellent a man.—The ladies stared at each other, and seemed incredulous, but Manfred applauded these opinions, because they confirmed his favourite doctrine.—"You are right," said the philosopher, "occupation of some kind or other, must be the foundation of our happiness; and we have the evidence of all experience, that this is the one, most universally interesting. How absurd then to declaim against a sentiment so universal and so beneficial:—in all our reasonings we must take the world as we find it; and how many millions are there capable of no other passion, born to no inheritance but this.—Do away with the desire of riches among men, and what a flood of misery would you oc-

casion ;—you had better bring back the deluge at once and destroy the human race."

The ladies admired these discussions betwixt the philosopher and his pupil; and while they allowed that Edward was the most entertaining of men, they agreed that no one but Manfred could reason so well.

The arrival of Edward gave fresh vivacity to the little society at the East Cottage. That curiosity which had formerly disturbed their tranquillity was for the present laid to rest. Edward joined in all their occupations and amusements, and soon became a greater favorite than ever. His figure was somewhat injured, it is true, but then his wit and humour were augmented. He now possessed an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and made them laugh a hundred times a day at the expense of their betters, which most people find to be very agreeable. There was not a beauty in the Happy Valley who would not rather hear him talk than go to her toilette. Such is the power of mind.

It was soon perceived too that his character was improved in firmness—his passions less wayward, and less affected by slight causes. A gaiety, *sans peur et sans reproche*, was his resource on all occa-

sions—a shield that bade defiance to the utmost assaults of melancholy; and which was ever ready to turn aside the arrows of reflection. Parties of pleasure on the lake, or in their favorite bower, followed each other in rapid succession, and Edward, with a secret cause of sorrow yet unremoved, was nevertheless a happy man.

During these amusements Manfred had his eye fixed upon his guest, and there was no change in his sentiments which passed unobserved. They had many calm discussions together, and the philosopher never failed to draw from these the most useful lessons, and to point the moral where he wished it to make the deepest impression. It was after one of these conversations, which lasted till a late hour, that Manfred addressed his guest in the following terms:—" It appears then that your expedition has not been without its use: —you are now convinced, that perfect happiness is a chimera, of which even in imagination we cannot form an idea:—that every situation in life has its disadvantages, and that envy is generally absurd. And while you have ascertained these truths, (which you might have done dry shod at home) your trials and sufferings have

improved your temper, on which every thing depends.—You have acquired prudence, fortitude, self-command—qualities more valuable than an estate of ten thousand a year, and which adversity alone can bestow. Confirm these by habit, and the business is done. Do not complain therefore of a measure which has been productive of such results; for even the loss of fortune, by a dexterous management, may be turned into a blessing." Thus did the skilful hand of a great philosopher remove the sting which misfortune had left behind it, and turn to their proper ends the uses of adversity.

Two months had now insensibly passed away, and it might be thought that Edward, surrounded by so many pleasures, would not think again of quitting the Happy Valley. But he was no longer the inexperienced youth to be turned aside from the execution of his purpose. All the objects for which he had returned to the East Cottage, were now accomplished. Every part of his adventures had been narrated, and Manfred had given his opinions on every thing. He had well digested his knowledge, and he now thought of reducing it to practice. There were errors too to be atoned for,

and compensation to be made to persons whom he had formerly injured—the result was, that he resolved to return home. The moment his mind was made up on this subject he informed Manfred *of it*, to whom he gave all the credit of this reformation. "Your admirable lessons," he said, "joined to experience, have subdued my mind to that wholesome tone which is compatible with the daily business of life. I am now resolved therefore to return home, and to form a scheme of life suited to my temper and experience." Manfred exulted beyond measure in this resolution—it was the event for which he had long laboured. "Your success," said he, "is certain—I have made you acquainted with the world and with yourself: you are now familiar with the great principles on which happiness depends, and though you may not be able to apply them on all occasions, they must still be of infinite use."

His resolution to depart was opposed by some who would gladly have detained him longer, but Manfred took especial care to confirm him in his good intentions. "Every thing," said he, "has its proper season. You have already reasoned enough—it is now time for action. Human

life is a perpetual stream, flowing onwards to the great ocean of oblivion: it comes we know not whence, and goes we know not where. Now that you have ascertained the dangers, trust your little bark freely to its waters, and do not, like the ignorant peasant, stand idly gazing on the bank till the channel grow dry and the stream has passed away."

Every one now acquiesced in the propriety of his conduct; Mrs. Likely, especially, approved warmly of it. They contented themselves by exacting a promise that he would again visit them. They vowed that his favorite bower should be kept in order for his reception, and Edward, pressed on all sides, promised to return again in the violet season. But amid these professions and promises, there was a secret feeling among some of them that they would meet no more—Manfred even hinted at the probability of it—Mrs. Likely protested loudly against it, but Edward whispered that he was right.

As he disliked all formal leave-taking, he arranged every thing in secret with Manfred; and on the morning fixed for his departure, they walked out together towards the margin of the lake, where a boat was prepared to carry him to the opposite

side. The distance to the place of embarkation was above a mile. During their walk Manfred alluded to the different circumstances under which they had formerly parted; and congratulated Edward on the favorable change which had taken place in his temper and prospects. The other acknowledged that of all changes this was indeed the most extraordinary. "With what contempt do I now view the eager pursuits, the fierce rivalships which once distracted me!" "Your sentiment is just," said Manfred, "provided you do not carry it so far as to extinguish also the social affections. Cultivate your friendships therefore, while your enmities are buried in oblivion."

The philosopher availed himself of this opportunity, so favorable in all respects, to impress upon the mind of his pupil his last lessons. "Let me beg," said he, "that the mode of life which you are about to adopt may be simple and of easy attainment."—Edward promised that it should. "For if it depend on the play of a great variety of principles, the derangement of any one of them may throw the whole into disorder. Simplicity is more necessary here than in any of the arts: besides, it is this quality in our tastes which enables

them to survive the changes of time and fashion, and to shed their unquenchable warmth over the evening of life. Remember the last sentiments of the virtuous Fenelon—that in the decline of life the feverish pursuits of manhood sink in our esteem, while we recur with a double relish to the simple habits and innocent pleasures which were loved in youth. Cultivate a cheerful and a playful fancy, and mix your philosophy with these—and let the contemplation of the close of life serve to spread a religious calmness over your days, but not to sadden them." Edward promised again and again to observe all his maxims, and to let him know the success of the experiment.

They had now arrived at the place where the boat waited for them, and one of the men approached to say that every thing was in readiness. Edward desired him to take his place, and turning round hastily, embraced Manfred without speaking a word. He then got into his place with alacrity, and the boatmen began to ply their oars: Manfred continued to watch their progress from the bank, but he observed that Edward never turned to look again upon the Happy Valley.

CHAP. XII.

The Conclusion.

After the departure of Edward, time sped silently away over the Happy Valley, and brought with it those changes which time must ever bring. The beauty of Mrs. Likely was now eclipsed by that of her daughters. Miss Polly had turned devotee—the Captain and Counsellor had lost the traits of their childhood in the avocations of their riper years. Time sped away, and Manfred became grey-headed——a little longer, and his philosophy assumed the form of narrative. His wife, with unrepining calmness, sunk into the grave; and Manfred, in whose bosom female influence reposed, like the dove reposing on its nest, bore his loss like a man, not like a philosopher.

Years rolled on, and yet Edward came not. "And will the gay stranger return no more?"—this was ever the question, as the promised season

wore away and the violet lost its beauty. They made a thousand conjectures as to the probable fate of a person whom they regretted so much; this was some consolation. Manfred would occasionally join in these gossipings, relate some anecdote of the absentee, and reason from causes to their effects.

In the expectation of seeing him again they still continued to add fresh ornaments to his favorite bower, that he might find it blooming on his return. It was adorned with all those flowers which first open their beauties to the spring, and as Edward had marked this as the season of his return, they still hoped to see their favorite appear with the opening blossoms. They were thus employed one evening, when a letter was put into Manfred's hand, accompanied by a sealed packet; it was immediately perceived that the hand-writing was that of Edward, and expectation was raised to the highest pitch. They all crowded round Manfred, to watch the changes in his countenance,—but there were none. The letter contained nothing but expressions of regard, and said not a word of the causes which had detained him from the Happy Valley, nor of any intention which he had to revisit

it. The air of composure which breathed through it appeared to Manfred not a little singular. In one place he said, " I have put your admirable lessons into practice, but how, is of little consequence. If you knew my manner of life you would smile—but the smile of such a philosopher as Manfred is not one either of derision or contempt." The concluding expressions struck the philosopher as somewhat out of character, and as marking a mind subdued by some object of deeper interest. " Your maxims are admirable, my friend, but with all your philosophy you cannot penetrate into the depths of the human heart. I am now perfectly happy, my dear friend, and be assured that I shall always remain so."

Manfred knew from this, after a moment's reflection, that Edward was no more. The ladies had now formed a circle round him—he read to them Edward's letter, in which they all found themselves remembered, and which contained directions for the distribution of those tokens of affection which the packet contained. A profound silence ensued, when he had concluded—every one was afraid to speak—all eyes were turned on Manfred. He pointed out the passages in the letter on

which his opinions were founded. "I know him too well," said he, "to be deceived—it is only the approach of death which could subdue his mind to this tone—you may cease your labours therefore, for Edward will return no more!" Every one was touched with compassion at this speech; the ladies shed tears—not one of them wasted a thought on the casket, whose seal was yet untouched. "But after all," said Emily, struggling to suppress her feelings, "this is but conjecture —the letter contains no proof of his death;" but Manfred urged so many reasons, and so forcibly, in support of his opinions, that Emily, in tears, gave up the argument.

They now asked a thousand questions, which Manfred, though a great philosopher, could not answer. Was he happy? Did he die surrounded by his family, like a good old man?—Manfred shook his head. They now spoke of him as of one who was no more—his virtues and misfortunes were alone remembered. "And is that fine spirit sunk at last?" exclaimed Mrs. Likely, bursting into tears. "It has passed away," said Miss Polly, "like the shadows, which have no foundation but in the vanities of the world." "His

history," said Manfred, "is human life personified—'A tale told by an idiot—full of sound and fury, signifying—nothing!' For what is life," exclaimed the philosopher Manfred, who now delighted in quotations—

"For what is life?—the echo of a sound;
The poet's vision on enchanted ground;
The dream of power, that lights upon a slave;
The fairy star that shines beneath the wave:
An airy nothing, whose unconstant breath
Yet hangs on something that for ever breathes."

With a trembling hand Manfred now broke the seal of the packet, and distributed the various tokens of affection which it contained. They were all of them beautiful, and of very considerable value: they had little labels attached to them, which increased their regrets by recalling ideas of scenes long past—those happy days, when seated in their favorite bower, or when his skiff, decked in its gay streamers, led forth their little fleet upon the lake: when in strains composed by himself he sung the praises of the Beauties of the Happy Valley. "And will he return no more?"—they

found it impossible to believe this without positive proof. Mrs. Likely urged again and again, that the letter contained no evidence of his death; but Manfred, like a true philosopher, would not give up his opinions.

They resolved, however, that the spot which was consecrated by so many agreeable recollections, should not be permitted to go to decay.—This labour, while it afforded a certain consolation, also kept alive their regrets. We feel more pointedly the loss of friends when we contemplate the objects associated with their memories, and which still remain unchanged. We are apt to complain that the one should remain, while the other is lost:—that nature should survive, while we ourselves pass away into oblivion, and are seen no more. It was with such contrasted feelings as these that their task was pursued:—but this touching labour came, in time, to be remitted:—human affections burn not for ever. At length it ceased —for Edward returned no more!

THE END.

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